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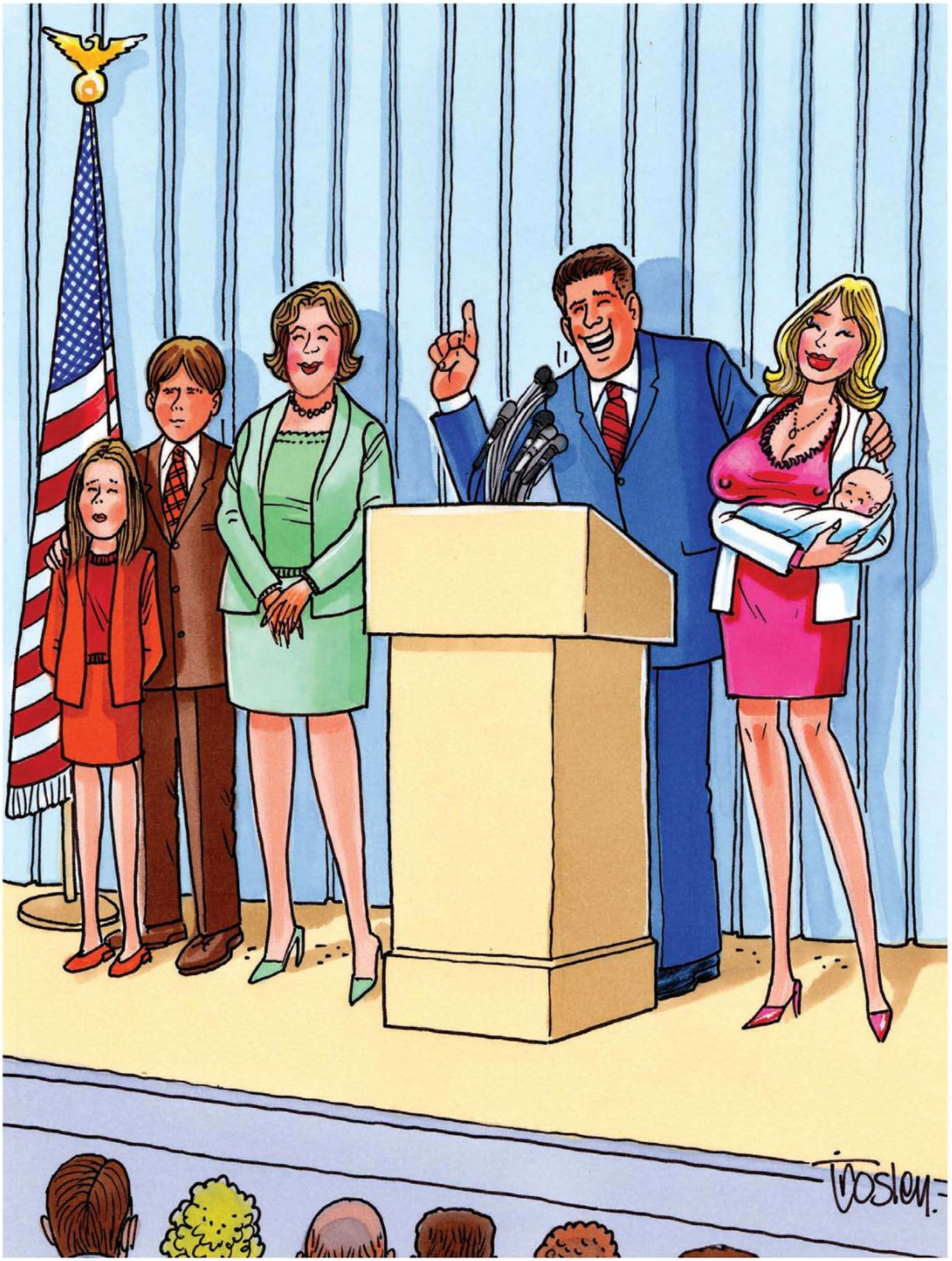

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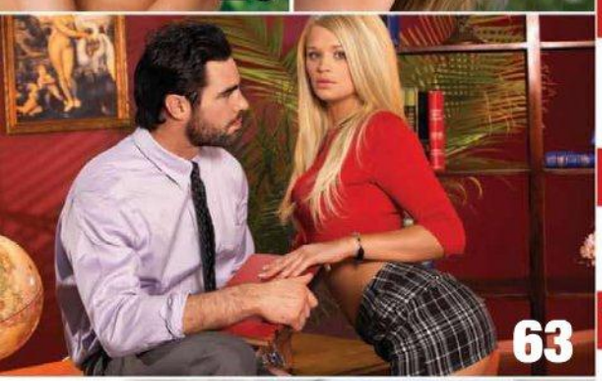

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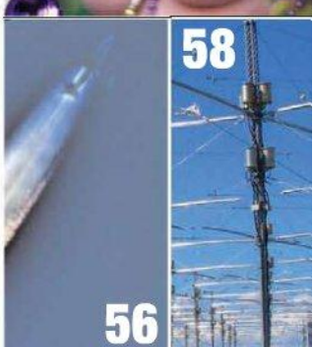

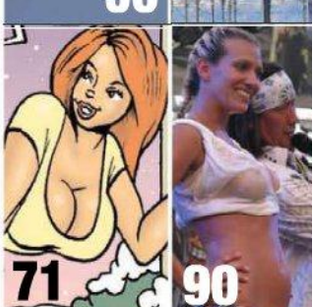

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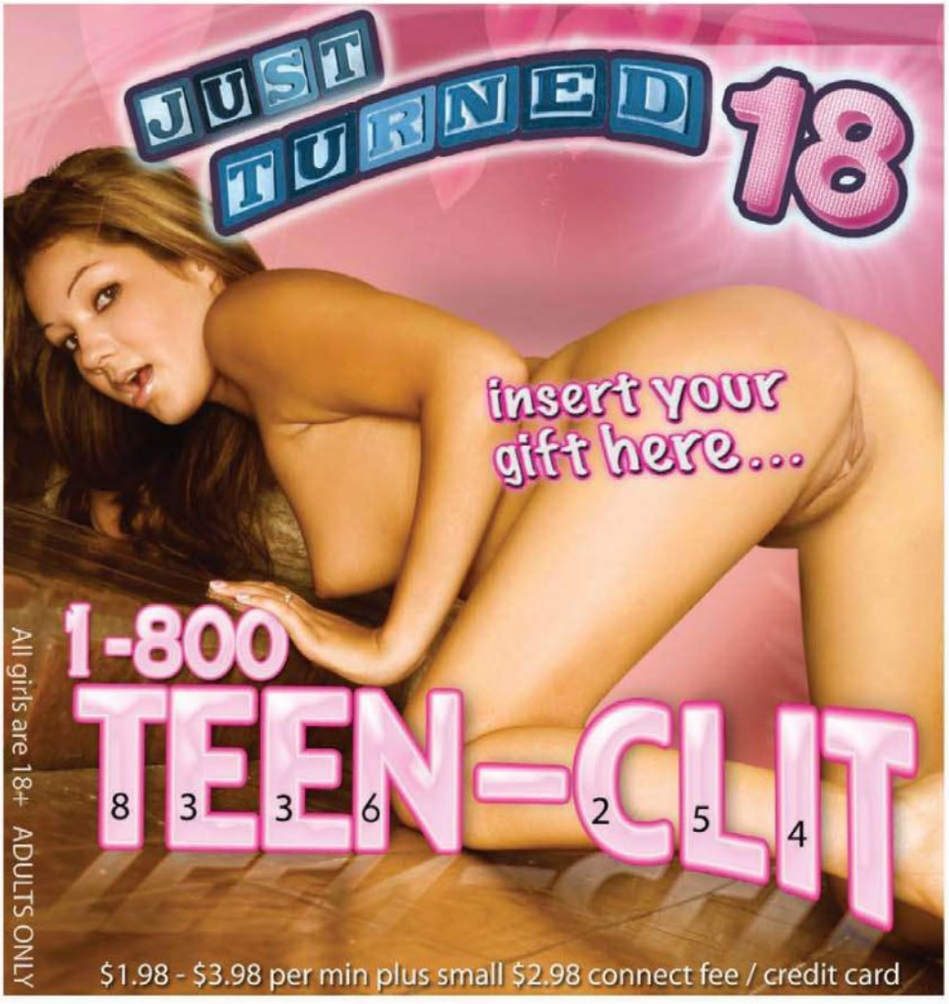
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SAVE OUR CIVIL RIGHTS

I blame the American people. We have become stupid when it comes to preserving our civil liberties. Ask the average American if he or she supports free speech, and 98%—according to most polls—will reply "yes." Ask that same person if he or she supports unpopular speech, hate speech, flag burning or porn, and the answer may well be "no." In this regard polls show support drops around 50%.

You can't have it both ways. Free speech either exists for everyone in this country or it doesn't exist at all. Same for religious freedom. You can't support religious freedom, then turn around and say a mosque shouldn't be built near Ground Zero.

I fear I am seeing the erosion of our individual liberties. Constitutional rights exist to protect the minority point of view. If we, the American people, don't defend those rights, we'll lose the very thing that makes America great.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

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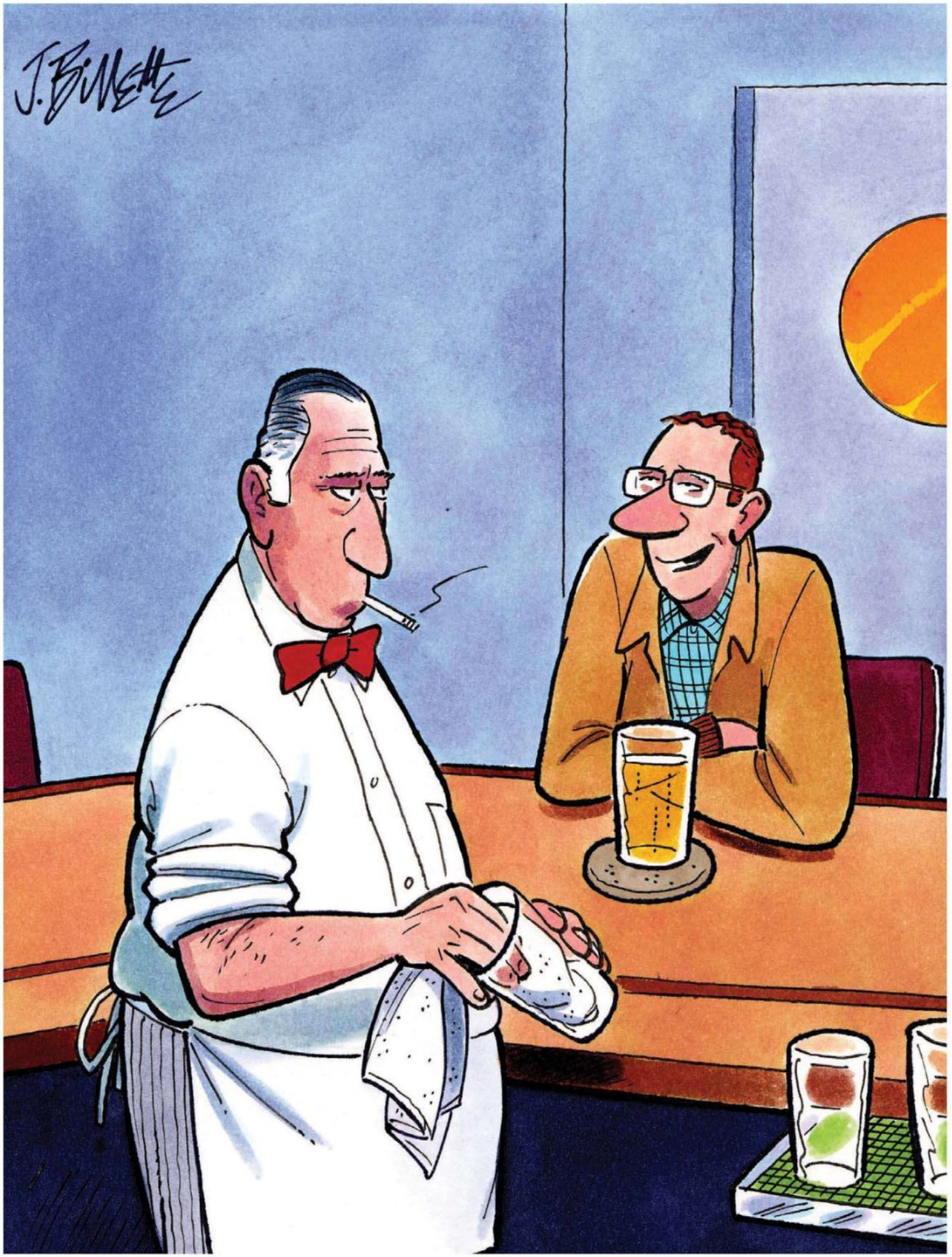


"My ol' lady has finally gotten over her aversion to swallowing cum! ... At least that's what the guys in the neighborhood tell me."

LAPTOP, NOT LAP DANCE!

For years now Toshiba has been a trusted name in electronics. Its latest laptop, the **Satellite A665D-S6051**, features an ultraspeedy AMD processor, 16-inch widescreen LCD digital display, built-in Harman/Kardon stereo speakers, 6 cell/48Wh rechargeable battery, webcam and microphone, plus Microsoft Works 9 and other programs. And it's Wi-Fi ready.

This computer is the fastest thing you've had in your lap since that chick who stole your wallet. The best part is you could win a **Satellite A665D-S6051**! Hell, we're so drunk on tainted eggnog that we're giving away every item on this page. Yes, you have a chance to win one of these four cool gadgets! See details below.

Available at electronics stores nationwide or ***Toshiba.com***. Suggested retail price: $799.99.

FISHIN' TIME

Here's an item you never knew you needed until right now: the **Aquaclock** from Aquavista. It's the world's first-ever designer clock aquarium for live fish. The 10"x10"x4" (LxWxD) precise quartz clock weighs just 8 pounds when filled with water and runs on AA batteries. It has easily removable lids, making feeding and cleaning your fish a snap. Offered in four colors (red, white, silver and black), the **Aquaclock** is the perfect home for your time-obsessed betta fish.

Available at ***AquaVistaInc.com***. Suggested retail price: $69.99.

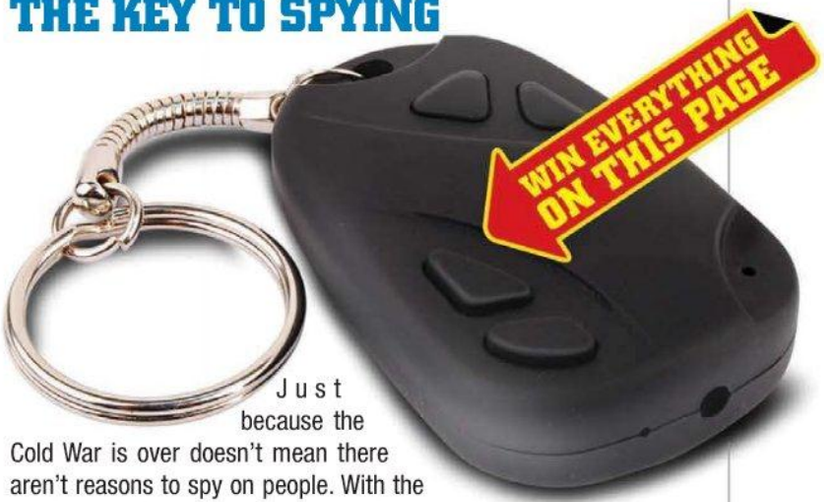
EARGASM

The **Aurvana In-Ear 2 Earphones** are the perfect blend of quality and style. Put 'em on, and they'll provide unbelievable sound for your iPod, PC, iPhone or any other portable audio device through an acoustic grille that allows for a smoother, detailed sonic presentation with punchy bass. And the lightweight earphones (just 11 grams) look cool too.

Sure, the price is a little higher than you're used to, but aren't you tired of listening to your tunes through those shitty two-buck earphones you bought on your last JetBlue flight?

Available at ***US.Creative.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.99.

THE KEY TO SPYING



Just because the Cold War is over doesn't mean there aren't reasons to spy on people. With the tiny **RemoteCam Video Camera & Recorder** from Swann, you can finally get the video proof that your buddy's wife is cheating on him. Although the compact unit resembles a remote control, looks can be deceiving. Inside is a hidden yet powerful video camera that captures full-color 720 x 480 AVI video files at 30 fps, or 1280 x 1024 JPEG still photos. The **RemoteCam**'s built-in 2GB microSD card holds up to 40 minutes of recording time. The gizmo is also equipped with a rechargeable battery that can be juiced up via your computer's USB.

Once you've captured the vital footage, you can then transfer it via the same USB. Plus the **RemoteCam** is chained to a handy ring that can hold your keys. See, we told you that skank was no good!

Available at ***Costco.com***. Suggested retail price: $59.99.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS FROM HUSTLER!

Here's your chance to win one of four great gadgets. Simply fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to 4-Gadget Giveaway c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

BALLS-OUT FUN

Pro Evolution Soccer 2011

Konami

Xbox 360, PS3, PC

The new ***PES*** is so real, you'll break a sweat just loading it into your game system. The world's top players and revered stadiums are here in all their detailed glory. The action is intense and the sport of soccer never looked so cool. If you're making a list and checking it twice this holiday season, ***PES 2011*** is a perfect gift for any guy who's been nice and any girl who's been naughty.

FANTASY FIGURES

Majin and the Forsaken Kingdom

Namco Bandai

Xbox 360, PS3

Your mission in this brilliant fantasy adventure is to save your beloved kingdom from impending doom and the dark forces of evil. The only way to do that is to team up with your former foe, a hulking monster, working hand in massive hand to solve mysteries and puzzles while journeying through the lush and cinematic kingdom. ***Majin and the Forsaken Kingdom*** is sure to please the inner child in even the most hardened geek.

ROAD RASH

Need for Speed: Hot Pursuit

EA

Xbox 360, PS3, PC

At the 2010 E3 convention there were a ton of driving games, but the only one that really got everyone's adrenaline pumping way into the red was ***Need for Speed: Hot Pursuit***. In it you can drive the world's most exotic high-end automobiles at mind-bending speeds as you twist and turn though realistic cityscapes to avoid the cops. Or get behind the wheel of a high performance Lamborghini cop interceptor in hot pursuit of the bad guys. Hence the game's name.

ALIEN INVASION

Dead Space 2

EA

Xbox 360, PS3, PC

Worthy of a big-screen redo, the original ***Dead Space*** game was a blood-soaked thrill ride through the darkest regions of the universe. The sequel is nothing short of awesome thanks to faster action, bigger weapons and a horde of creepy aliens for you to kill. Once again you're smack-dab in the middle of a desolate space station struggling to survive the barrage of mutant attacks while a mystery illness takes over your mind. Will you survive?

"IT'S THE ESTABLISHMENT, STUPID!"

MILLIONS OF AMERICANS ARE THE VICTIMS OF A CONJOB PULLED OFF BY WALL STREET BANKSTERS AND THEIR CAPITOL HILL SIDEKICKS.

"Some will rob you with a six-gun, and some with a fountain pen." So goes the Woody Guthrie folk song about the outlaw Pretty Boy Floyd, and as an angry nation lurches about looking for scapegoats to blame for the economic mess, they'd better look to the guys on Wall Street and in Congress who wielded those lethal pens.

If what remains of the Mafia thugs had pulled off the toxic derivatives heist of our housing market concocted by Wall Street, we would have tossed them in the slammer and thrown away the key. But Congress, mostly Republicans and a helluva lot of Democrats, passed legislation that made the conjob perfectly legal in 2000 when President Bill Clinton signed into law the Commodity Futures Modernization Act, granting what its proponents called "legal certainty" to Wall Street's crimes. They all are the villains, not the Tea Party screamers or the Chinese or big-spending "socialists" who make a convenient but irrelevant target for our wrath.

The Tea Party folks are a mixed bag of principled libertarians who rightly complain about the murky but awesome power of the Federal Reserve to screw us over on behalf of the big financiers along with cynical big-money Republicans. These scoundrels have used the Tea Party movement to cover their own tracks while leading us into this morass with their mantra of freeing business from government regulation.

The issue is not regulation but simply fraud prevention. If you are swindled out of your home by the fine print in a phony contract, it is a government marshal who will foreclose. Why not have the government also make sure you haven't been defrauded by the thieves who conned you out of your home? That's the point the Tea Party leaders either miss or deliberately obscure. Government power is a reality whether you like it or not, but what matters is this: Are the cops working only to protect the rich and powerful, or do they keep an eye out for ordinary folks as well?

As for the Chinese, who some demagogues hold responsible for our economic troubles, you have to question if these whiners have all their marbles. Anyone should be able to recognize that the Chinese have been carrying the load for us with their cheap labor, producing those goods sold in Walmart and Costco that allow Americans to be properly fed and clothed even when they are damn close to being broke.

The Chinese didn't create the current economic meltdown, nor did any other foreigners. This is a made-in-the-USA travesty.

Thanks to the Wall Street-engineered meltdown, we have 43 million people living in poverty, the highest number in our history. But many of them don't look as poor as they are, like I was as a kid walking through the snow with holes in my shoes, because shoes and everything else are now so damn cheap. If you have holes in your jeans, it's probably because some designer put them there.

The Chinese didn't create the current economic meltdown, nor did any other foreigners. This is a made-in-the-USA travesty, but thankfully the Chinese managed to survive the financial tsunami that Wall Street launched, and they have been in a position to carry our bad debt due to the bailout of Wall Street. I'm not just talking about the TARP money, which is chump change compared to the many trillions used by our government to take those toxic assets off the books of the banks that created them. To that, add the cost of providing cheap money by buying up treasury bonds and other devices so that Wall Street could profit from its folly.

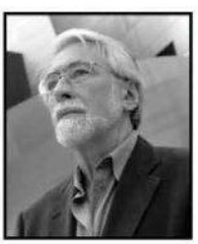
Yes, we have big government debt as a result, but it has nothing to do with "socialists," a never hardy and now nearly extinct breed in America. The big debt came from paying for the damage that Wall Street caused. Period, end of story. Except for the many who continue to suffer.

There are roughly 40 million Americans who have either lost their homes or are "underwater" on their mortgages, and unemployment is stuck at close to 10%. The real number, which includes those who have given up looking for work or who have been forced to take crummy jobs well below their skill set, is at least double.

But the official number is high enough to shock Charles Evans, president of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago. "In the last several months," he told the *Wall Street Journal*, "I've stared at our unemployment forecast and come to the conclusion that it's just not coming down nearly as quickly as it should."

Evans also expressed a widespread concern over the developing "liquidity trap" in which the banks that have been saved from a disaster of their own making nonetheless refuse to lend as the President had hoped, and industries that have been made more secure through access to cheap money induced by the Fed don't invest and rehire.

The "no banker left behind program," initiated by George W. Bush and continued by Obama, got a big boost in October 2010 when Fed Chairman Ben Bernanke committed to adding to the more than $2 trillion in toxic derivatives assets that the Fed has already bought from the banks. Once again the suffering of homeowners is ignored while the bankers who fleeced them are rewarded. That should be a crime, but it isn't because the criminals got to write the law.



Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

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YOU WONDER WHAT THE WORLD WOULD BE LIKE IF YOU HAD NEVER BEEN BORN? WELL WE WOULD BE AT PEACE, STILL HAVE A SURPLUS, HIGH EMPLOYMENT, UNITED AS A NATION AGAINST OUR ENEMIES...
NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT, GO AHEAD AND JUMP.

TRAINING OUR YOUNG TO BE PASSIVE CITIZENS

ADD A PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL DISTRICT'S LAPTOP COMPUTERS TO THE EVER-GROWING INVASION OF PRIVACY IN AMERICA.

Justice Louis Brandeis was one of the farthest-seeing Constitutionalists on the U.S. Supreme Court. He warned his, and future, American generations that "the greatest menace to freedom is an inert people." As I've often reported, more and more citizens are conscious of being under government surveillance—through their e-mail, Internet choices and intricate composite cameras, in all manner of locations. Yet free-speaking critics of government keep brandishing the First Amendment, whether they be Tea Partiers, the rising number of the jobless or just us.

But what of the new generation? A fearless Web site, **PogoWasRight.org** ("Privacy News From Around the World")—emulated Paul Revere on August 28, 2010: "Schools are increasingly invading student privacy both in school and out of school. Are schools grooming youth to passively accept a surveillance state where they have no expectation of privacy anywhere?"

"Do we really want to raise a generation of kids that are accustomed to being tracked, like cattle or warehouse inventory?"

A chilling case in point is a class-action lawsuit against the Lower Merion School District in suburban Philadelphia by the parents of Harriton High School student Blake Robbins. Justice Brandeis also foretold the ingeniously advancing technology of government surveillance, as demonstrated in Daniel Tencer's report (**RawStory.com**) on why these parents are so enraged.

The lawsuit charged that "the school district invaded [Blake] Robbins' privacy by filming him in his home through his school-issued laptop. It emerged later that the school district photographed Robbins 400 times in a two-week period, in various states of undress and even during his sleep."

Not only was this 16-year-old overwhelmingly put into a bottomless government data base, but these "remote-controlled cameras took some 56,000 pictures of Lower Merion School District students over a two-year period, with the cameras sometimes left on for weeks at a time."

Those kids don't have to read *1984*. They've lived through more than George Orwell imagined.

The school district's defense is that those unblinking remote cameras were just tracking lost or stolen laptops. Even when this Pennsylvania 16-year-old was asleep? Maybe these penetrating cameras can also read dreams?

The FBI surprised me by actually investigating the school district for possible lawless disregard of the Fourth Amendment—that Bill of Rights guarantee that no American is to be subjected to "unreasonable" searches. I was surprised because the FBI routinely brushes the Fourth Amendment aside—all in the gnarled name of "national security."

But these Pennsylvania kids have now learned that the FBI is not going to protect their privacy in this case. The federal prosecutor, U.S. Attorney Zane David Memeger, solemnly declared there is no evidence that this all-seeing school district had any criminal intent when it turned all those cameras onto the students at school—and in their bedrooms—saying, "We have not found evidence that would establish beyond a reasonable doubt that anyone involved had criminal intent."

I am still convinced the Fourth Amendment was criminally violated because it requires that any warrants must "particularly describe the place to be searched, and the persons to be seized." There were pictures taken of so many students—not particularly named nor described. Clearly the intent was to condition youngsters that their government watches them.

But, as Daniel Tencer reported, something allegedly "particularly" described had motivated the school to put Blake Robbins under camera pursuit. This youngster had been "confronted by a vice principal over what the school official thought was drug use." The vice principal saw a pill that indicated drug use. Where did he see that allegedly incriminating pill? In Robbins's bedroom, where the laptop was.

That was candy, said the boy's parents. Kids had better be careful what's in their pockets at school and maybe, just maybe, what reading material is open in their bedroom.

Students have more to worry about than becoming persons of interest to the government. In a *New York Times* editorial (September 7, 2010) there is news of "plans in Contra Costa County, Calif., to tag preschoolers [*that's not a typo*] with radio frequency identification chips to keep track of their whereabouts at school. … The concern that school officials would use the ID chips to keep tabs on children's behavior—and tag them perhaps as hyperactive or excessively passive—seems overwrought."

Maybe the passivity need only be "excessive." And how long will these students be tagged with radio frequency identification chips? Until they graduate from high school? Or will they stay on the mounting number of dropouts?

The *Times* editorial ends with a question that all of us, whether or not we have children, should answer for our sake and for generations ahead of us: "Do we really want to raise a generation of kids that are accustomed to being tracked, like cattle or warehouse inventory?"

Well, back in Pennsylvania's Lower Merion School District the publicity about the mass tracking of students through school-issued laptops has caused a change in district policy "that sets guidelines for when the laptop cameras can be used by school officials, and requires parents to sign off on use of the cameras, or decline participating in the school's program to issue laptops to students."

So long as the press, in all its forms, is awake, and the First Amendment is working, we do have a shot at retaining some fragments of our privacy. However, government intelligence agencies, like the National Security Agency (NSA), keep brilliantly inventing new undetected ways by which we can be secretly detected by the government just about anywhere.

Will there ever be a pro-privacy Presidential candidate? If so, he or she may covertly—as a danger to national security—be under surveillance by the FBI and the CIA. But Justice Brandeis also insisted that "the right to be let alone" is the most cherished and important of all the rights.

How many schoolkids know the core of Brandeis's Americanism? Or their parents? Or, to be disrespectful, how many members of both parties in Congress care about "the right to be let alone?"

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

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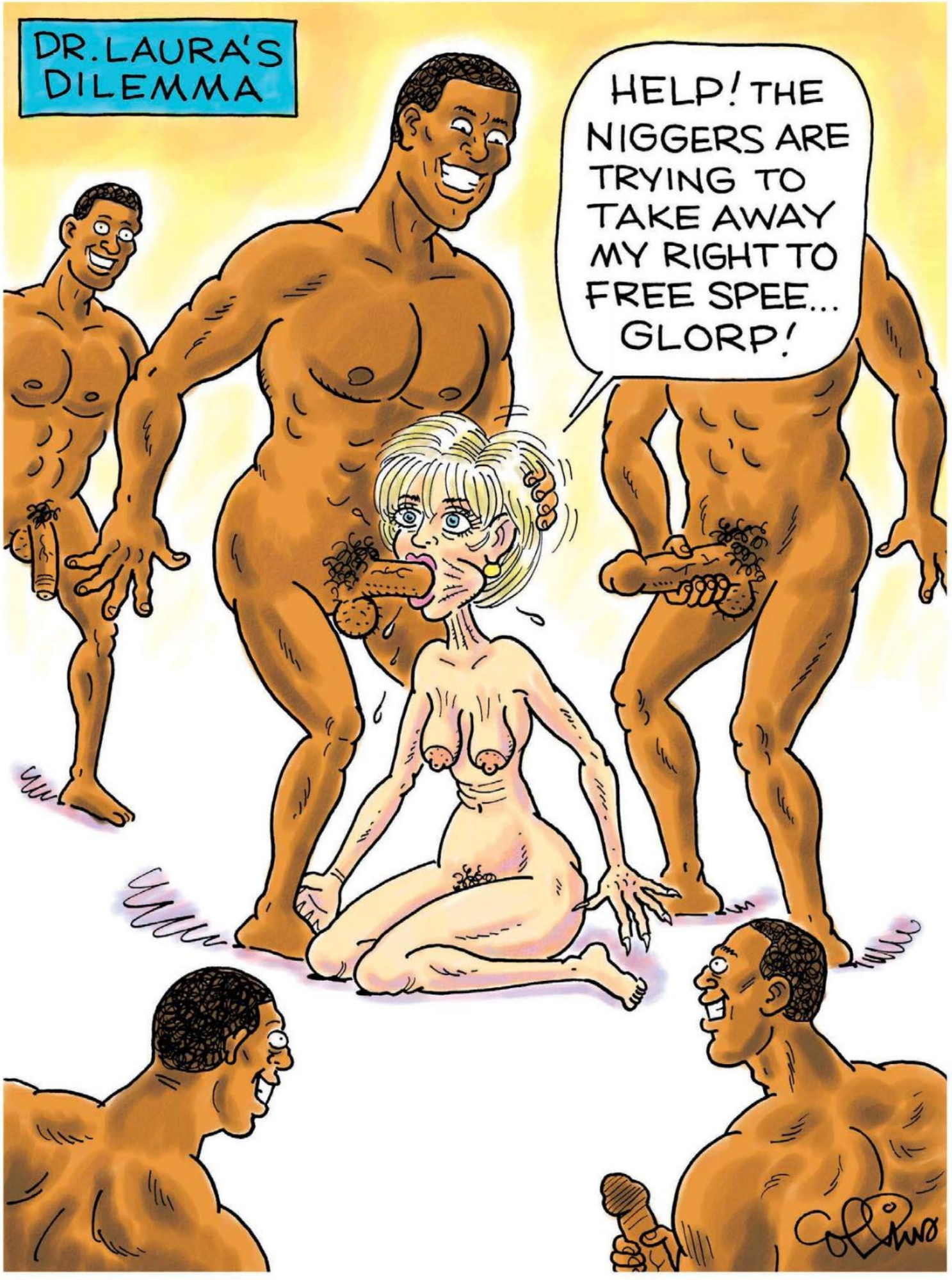
DR. LAURA'S DILEMMA
HELP! THE NIGGERS ARE TRYING TO TAKE AWAY MY RIGHT TO FREE SPEE... GLORP!

THE DOUBLE "N" WORD

THE PEOPLE WHO ARE UPSET ABOUT NET NEUTRALITY DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT.

This month's subject might seem boring, but it's important. Really important. Senator Al Franken (D-Minnesota) called it the most important free speech issue of our time. It's called "Net neutrality."

At first blush Net neutrality seems like a simple concept, but when you drill down, it becomes quite complicated. You have an Internet service provider (ISP). They are the guys you pay to get onto the Internet, the information superhighway. It might be Comcast, Road Runner, AT&T or a number of other companies. You go anywhere you want on the Net at the same speed as anyone else (subject to network slowdowns due to congestion). The fear is that the ISPs could slow down the speed at which you get to those sites or prevent you from reaching them at all.

Net neutrality is a policy designed to prevent this, but there is no actual law ensuring its implementation. That's what the FCC is currently grappling with.

While Net neutrality seems like a simple concept, agreement on its execution is scattered. At times, proponents of Net neutrality don't even agree among themselves.

The FCC recently got all the concerned parties—ISPs, phone companies and citizen watchdog groups—together to try to come up with definitions and solutions. The talks broke down in confusion. The problem with the "do-gooder" groups was that when they got together, each one had its own agenda, and they fought over who had a lock on the truth.

This left it up to communications behemoth Verizon and Google—the champion of doing no evil. (The two had recently become pals when Google went into the phone business by creating the Droid smartphone.) They came out with a policy that basically recognized Net neutrality for ISPs but not for wireless services (i.e., cell phones). For wireless service, Verizon and Google would charge certain sites, and perhaps customers, for the additional bandwidth.

The "Chicken Littles" predicted an Internet Armageddon. The trouble with these watchdog groups is that they come out with one dire prediction after another—otherwise they'd have to close up shop for lack of a cause. All of a sudden Google (once the good guy) became an enemy. As for Verizon? Well, they've always been the enemy.

But let's calm down for a second. When it comes to ISP choices, maybe you have two at best depending on where you live. Not much of a selection. That is why we need Net neutrality regarding ISPs. On the other hand, how many wireless companies are there? Five, eight, ten? So if a wireless company wants to prevent you from going to HUSTLER.com, for example, or if it slows down your speed, fuck 'em! You have other choices. What is so wrong with the Google-Verizon proposal?

Some sites *should* pay extra because they hog a lot of bandwidth. To understand what is meant by bandwidth, imagine thousands of pigs trying to cross a narrow bridge. The only way you are going to speed up the crossing of that bridge is to widen it, but then who is going to pay for the wider bridge?

The biggest bandwidth hogs on the Internet are companies like Netflix and Google's YouTube and iTunes, which send videos to your home. Why shouldn't they have to pay extra for this kind of carriage? After all, these are commercial enterprises, so it's a matter of commerce and not free speech. As it stands, they get a free ride while slowing down our usage of the Internet.

Most of this is an elitist fight. While various entities are fighting over access to the Internet, there are tons of people who have no access at all.

Access to information is power. That's why slave owners punished slaves for learning to read. Today there are people who find Internet access—the new literacy—financially impossible. You need a computer and then an online service and—once you're connected—fast speed, all of which you have to pay for. In this day and age everyone should be entitled to Internet access. Even with Net neutrality all things are not equal unless you are one of the privileged.

Yes, Net neutrality is important, but let's not forget the bigger picture: Everyone should have the right to free and easy access to the information of our times.

HUSTLER COUNTERPOINT

As we see it, "free and easy access" to information is exactly what the Verizon-Google proposal would prevent. First, "wireline" Internet will soon be all but irrelevant. Wireless services are the future of the Internet. Eliminating Net neutrality for those services means Verizon would be free to choose what information we can see and at what cost, not to mention that content providers and users alike would have to pay the price. Larger companies—such as Google—would have no trouble fronting these fees while small business or controversial sites would be shoved to the side. And while people wanting to go to HUSTLER.com might be able to switch wireless companies, HUSTLER.com would be denied access to the people who stayed with that system.

Finally, the bandwidth "bridge" might be widened, but the pigs would still be lined up to see who's willing to pay the toll. What's worse is that additional services, such as streaming video and online gaming—all of which work just fine now—would cost users even more money. And if you don't have money to pay for "a fast road"? Well, too bad. Talk about "slowing down our usage of the Internet." It's a corporate takeover, pure and simple. We believe Alex is too trusting of the big corporations that have spent many years lobbying for a tiered system to increase their revenues. — HUSTLER

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard on Sirius Left 146 (9 a.m. to noon ET) and XM America Left 167 (midnight to 3 a.m. ET).

Find more issues at magazinesdownload.com

"Trust me, Larry. Nothing puts a girl back on the straight and narrow path more than going to prison and having black bitches shove a broom handle up your ass repeatedly for two straight weeks!"

REMEMBERING JOHNNY GRANT

THE UNOFFICIAL MAYOR OF HOLLYWOOD HAD AN EYE FOR THE LADIES.

PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

Johnny Grant was looking down my dress from the stage at the Hollywood Palladium the first time we met. He was doing a live broadcast of Stan Kenton's band. I was dancing with my date, Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight champion of the world, 30-some years my senior. I looked up at the elfin little guy onstage, and we exchanged smiles.

This may seem like two or three centuries ago for many of you, but it was only 1952. When I saw Johnny that night on the Palladium stage, he was already a well-known radio personality in Los Angeles. I was still dreaming about breaking the cocoon of little Joanie Olander, hoping I was on the verge of becoming someone. Mamie Van Doren was still out of sight, just below the horizon. It would be ten eventful months before Universal would create her by signing me to a contract, but for nearly 50 years after that night, Johnny Grant would be a part of my life.

Johnny, born in North Carolina, flourished in California during the postwar years. He innovated the first traffic reports on radio in L.A. and pioneered the new medium of television, creating the first *Entertainment Tonight*-style news program. In 1968 he took on the task of revitalizing the Hollywood Walk of Fame, which was then languishing. Johnny's energy and hard work turned Hollywood Boulevard into a first-rate tourist destination. The Walk of Fame became synonymous with Johnny Grant and his title, the Honorary Mayor of Hollywood.

Johnny brought entertainment to servicemen and -women around the world up until a few weeks before his death. In 1956 he asked me to join him in Korea with Bob Hope's show, but my son, Perry, had just been born, and I couldn't go. Much later, Johnny would help me retrieve my belongings from Vietnam after I had been medevaced back to the States.

Though Johnny never married, he was notorious for always having a beautiful woman on his arm. If it wasn't me, it would be Jayne Mansfield, Anita Ekberg, Angie Dickinson or the latest and most voluptuous Miss Universe. He was a breast guy, of course.

Johnny's roguish side would sometimes come out on the telephone, and we would often have phone sex. I told this story during a tribute to Johnny at the Sportsmen's Lodge in Studio City, and the audience was hysterical. Johnny merely nodded and smiled.

Sitting on the dais next to Johnny, listening to the other speakers, I noticed that he'd nodded off. When it was time for him to take the mic, he roused himself and spoke energetically for 15 minutes. A few days after the event I got word that Johnny was in the hospital. When I called him, he chattered like the old Johnny: "Mamie, the battery on my pacemaker ran down, so they had to charge me up! I could use a little of that dirty talk we used to do!"

In November 2007, to help me introduce my new wine, I invited Johnny to attend the evening launch party in L.A. "Mamie," he said, "I don't usually go out that late anymore. By that time of night I'm here in my rocking chair watching TV. But if you really want me there, I'll do it."

I understood and told him no, stay comfy, and that I loved him.

About a week after New Year's in 2008, I called Johnny at his suite on the top floor of the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. When I didn't get an answer, I left a message. A few days later I saw on the news that Johnny had died. Ana, his secretary, called and told me that Johnny had retired early that evening. After he didn't answer the door, the hotel staff found him dead in his rocking chair. My message was still on his answering machine.

Johnny never tired of telling the story of our first date in his new Jaguar Roadster. He picked me up at my parents' home in the San Fernando Valley, and we drove to Hollywood over Coldwater Canyon. Before L.A.'s freeways, Coldwater Canyon was a major thoroughfare, climbing steeply over the Santa Monica Mountains before descending into Beverly Hills.

As we neared the crest of Coldwater, the Jaguar began to overheat. Johnny pulled into a gas station at the top of the hill, where he and the station attendant opened the hood while I sat in the car. The Jaguar had a firewall with large holes that the control cables passed through. After a few minutes Johnny came around to my side of the car and whispered in my ear, "Mamie, you're going to have to get out of the car. The attendant won't stop looking up your skirt through the firewall!"

Johnny always finished the story with his delightfully lascivious laugh: "Mamie was so hot, she blew up my Jaguar!"

I'll always remember that laugh. Sleep well, Johnny.

Mamie Van Doren, who starred in such films as *Untamed Youth*, *Teacher's Pet* and *High School Confidential*, chronicles her amazing life at MamieVanDoren.com.

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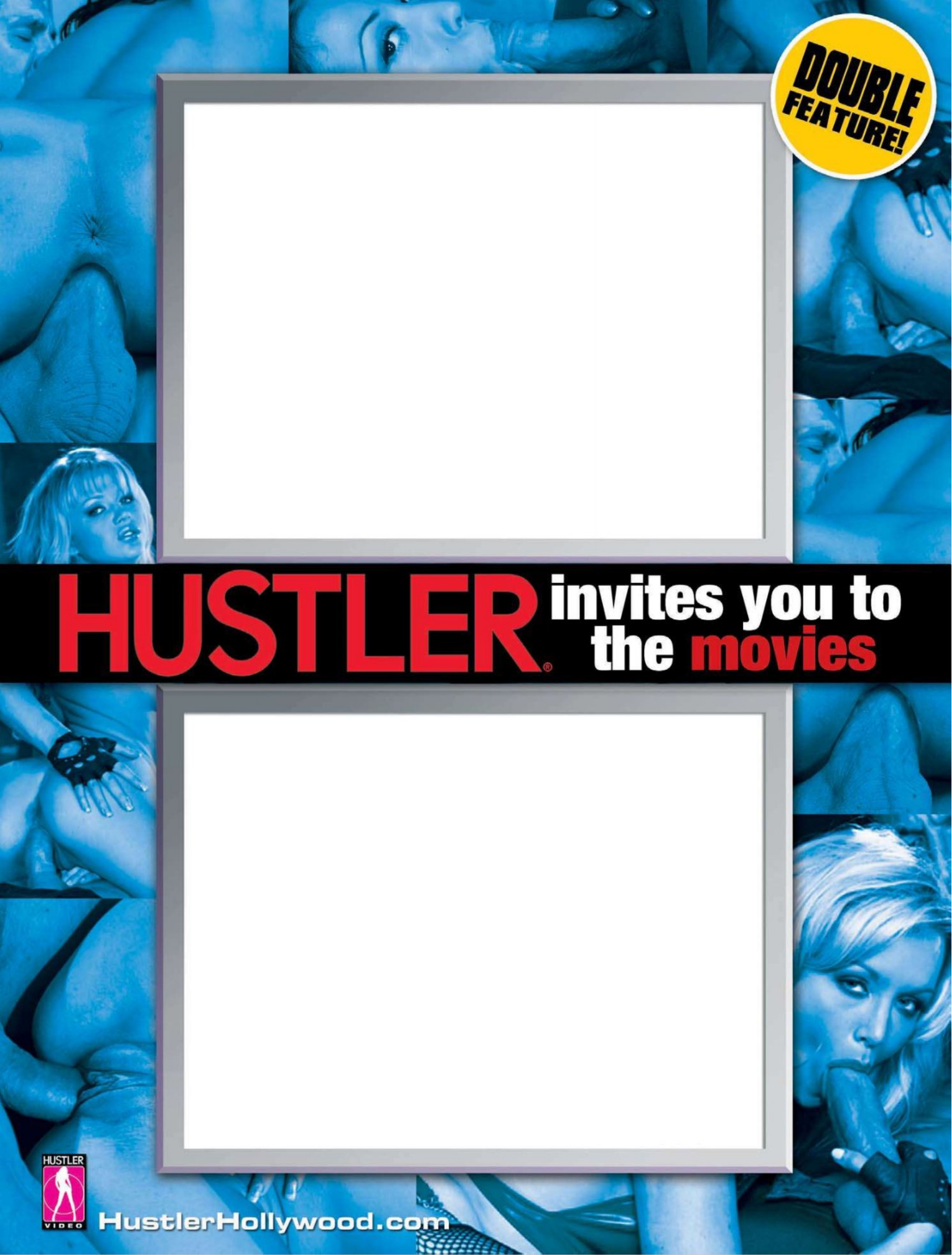
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HUSTLER® invites you to the movies
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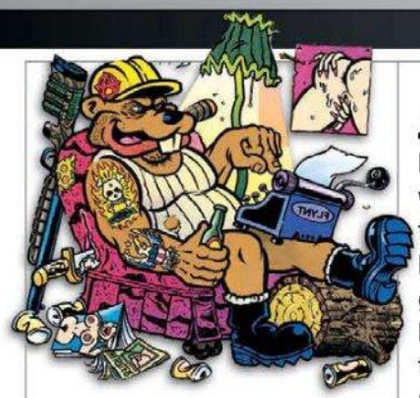

Time's Up

I read your editorial "The Republicans' Big Lie" [*Publisher's Statement*, December '10], and I agree that the Republican Party put us on the path to financial ruin and ongoing war. But I do not agree that we need to give President Obama more of a chance than he has already had.

If Obama was going to improve our financial outlook, the national deficit would have shrunk over the last year, but it has increased dramatically. If he intended to give us back our right to privacy, taken away under the Bush Administration, he would not have renewed the USA PATRIOT Act. If he was going to get us out of the Iraq War, he would have withdrawn the troops, but all he did was shift them from one front to another.

How can you want to give him more time to fix the economy when your own magazine has his Treasury secretary as the Piece of Shit winner month after month? Even your own columnist Nat Hentoff warned about the direction the President is taking us.

I also just read that Obama referred the legal situation in Arizona to the United Nations. Don't we have a Congress? Don't we have a court system? Who is he to negate the U.S. government and turn our affairs over to the likes of Saudi Arabia, North Korea and China to make the laws under which Americans live?

I would respectfully suggest you reevaluate your position.

—Bob Rosenfield
Valley Stream, New York

Ax Woman

I am looking forward to seeing what you've done with my pictures [*Beaver Hunt*, January '10]. For many years I worked in logging camps. There were always lots of HUSTLER Magazines in the bunkhouse. I would pick one up and read it, then usually end up in the shower.

I would like to say that they were cold showers, but they weren't. They were hot! I would love to be a fly on the bunkhouse wall when the guys see me in their HUSTLER Mag! **—Tammy**
Campbell River, Canada

Booze Talkin'

You ask for comments and suggestions, so here you go! I dig your parody videos. How about one with Larry Flynt as Ironside?

HUSTLER clubs and casinos were no-brainers, but considering the hard times, how about some HUSTLER food banks where people get their grub handed to them by hot babes!

I saw Mamie Van Doren's column and thought, *Who the fuck was she?* Then I saw a movie catalog listing for *Three Nuts Looking for a Bolt*. She's older than [former porn star] Desiree Cousteau! Who'd Mamie blow to get her job? Don't tell me. I can guess. What's the matter, you couldn't dig up Jayne Mansfield?

Larry's *Publisher's Statement* in your Halloween issue ["Throw the Bastards in Jail!," November '10] was right, but jail is too good for those corporate bloodsuckers. To quote Groucho Marx, "Stand 'em up against the wall and pop goes the weasel!" What old movie was that in? Ask Mamie Van Doren!

Yes, this was written after a beer and a shot. What can I tell ya? I do some of my best work drunk! **—Stevo**
Grass Valley, California

Xmas escape: Readers were transported by the exotic charms of December '10 temptress Priya Anjali Rai.

We feel Mamie's provocative columns are a distinct asset to HUSTLER and still consider her one of the hottest cougars ever. Check out the sizzling maneater in *High School Confidential* (1957) and more recently in *Slackers* (2002)…when you sober up, that is.

Exotic Xmas

Thanks for that gorgeous spread of Priya Anjali Rai [*Erotic Exotic*, December '10]. When I look at her gorgeous brown skin and eyes, I can taste delicious spices and smell sweet incense. Priya and nothing else is what I want for Christmas. If I can't have her, I'm booking a flight to India. **—A.J.**
Green Bay, Wisconsin

Hooked on Speed

Your article *How Goldman Sachs Destroyed Greece and Is Trying to Screw the Rest of the Planet* [November '10] made me furious. Our regulators, not to mention those in places like Greece, have no hope of keeping up with the schemes of Wall Street's investment bankers. By the time anybody knows what's going on, let alone tries to stop it, the bad guys already have the money.

It kills me when I turn on the TV and Maria Bartiromo or some other idiot is standing on the New York trading floor as though that's where the action is. That's just a prop! It's all high-frequency now. Billions of dollars are traded automatically by computers in milliseconds. Good luck regulating that! We're all Greeks now.

—R.M.
Poughkeepsie, New York

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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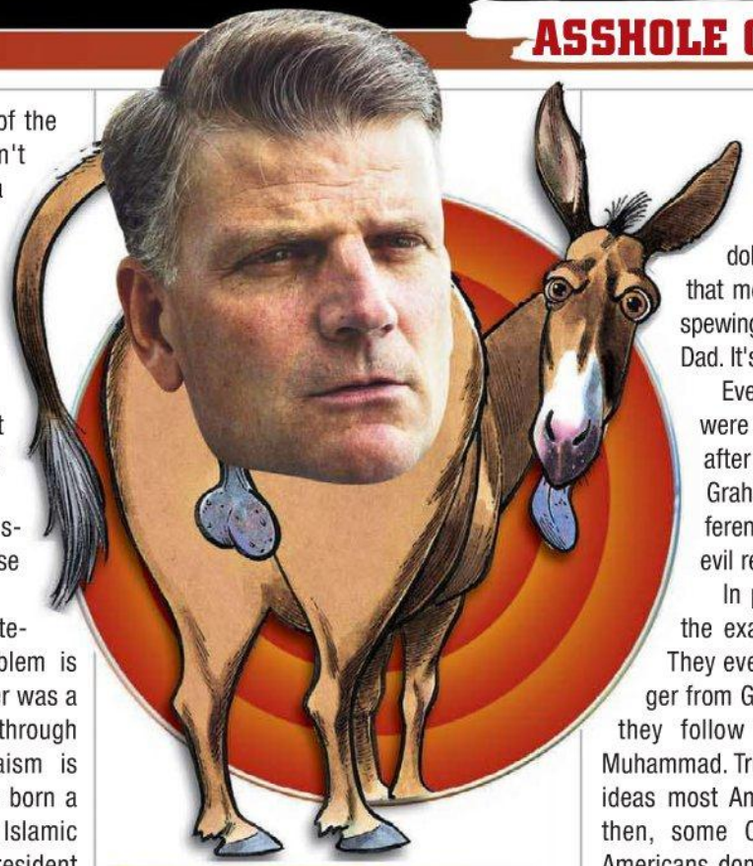
EGGS TO DIE FOR

(Tasty and Tangy!)

AT HILLANDALE FARMS WE BRING FARM-FRESH EGGS TO YOUR BREAK-FAST TABLE—NUTRITIOUS, PROTEIN-RICH EGGS FILLED WITH NATURE'S GOODNESS.

Whether you like your eggs sunny-side-up, over-easy, scrambled, or just want to enjoy Grandma's yummy eggnog recipe, Hillandale Farms tries to keep your family safe. Consumer health is our top priority—as long as it doesn't impact our bottom line. But remember: A little salmonella never hurt anyone. A lot, however, could kill you.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary about how sloppy mass production has tainted our eggs. In fact, last summer's widespread salmonella-poisoning outbreak was linked to Iowa's Hillandale Farms and Wright County Eggs, which recalled millions of eggs. In addition to possibly killing you, salmonella bacteria may cause a bloated stomach, projectile vomiting, oily stools, explosive bowel movements and rancid, nasty-ass shit farts. For more information check out **EggSafety.org**. This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.



FRANKLIN GRAHAM

Evangelist Franklin Graham, son of the Reverend Billy Graham, doesn't believe that President Barack Obama is a Christian. On the other hand, *we* don't believe Franklin Graham is a Christian either. Of course, he says he is, but so does Obama. The President's protestations don't seem to sway Graham, and the preacher's protestations don't sway us. We think this Asshole is in league with the devil.

Graham sows fear. He sows dissent. He lies. He misdirects. Are these not signs of the devil?

Consider Graham's following statement: "I think the President's problem is that he was born a Muslim. His father was a Muslim. The seed of Islam is passed through the father like the seed of Judaism is passed through the mother. He was born a Muslim. His father gave him an Islamic name. Now it's obvious that the President has renounced the Prophet Muhammad, and he has renounced Islam, and he has accepted Jesus Christ. That's what he says he has done. I cannot say that he hasn't. So I just have to believe that the President is what he has said."

First of all, Obama was never a Muslim, so he couldn't renounce it as his religion. And what's this seed shit? You have to be what your father was? Oh, wait! That would actually apply to Franklin, wouldn't it? His father was a Christian, so he had to be one. And his father was an evangelist, so Franklin had to be that too. Apparently Franklin's religious beliefs came out of his father's dick. Very spiritual. Guess you could actually say the Bible-thumper is a dickhead.

Regarding Barack Hussein Obama: His dad gave him his own first and middle names (both of Arabic origin) and surname (of African origin), just like the Reverend Billy Graham (born William Franklin Graham) gave his son Franklin his name, William Franklin Graham III. And by the way, Obama's paternal grandfather was a Christian who converted to Islam, so that seed thing is something of a hybrid from the start, no?

Beyond that, Obama's father deserted the family when the future President was two years old, so no possible Muslim influence there. It's a shame that Franklin didn't have the same luck. He grew up poisoned by his dad's shallow, self-serving view of God and Jesus Christ. For example, the senior Graham once bellowed, "All homosexuals should be castrated." Ouch! What kind of Christian love is that?

But let's stick with the worm-eaten apple that fell from Billy Graham's tree. Born in 1952, Franklin was raised by his mother while his absent father preached around the world. Even so, we can assume that Franklin knew that his dad had called for cutting off the dicks of "sinners." That's the kind of thing that might just have an impact on a kid. (Most of us had dads who just withheld our allowance.)

In young Graham's case, it seems to have led to rebellion. As an adult he was a notorious alcoholic, pothead and womanizer. "I just wanted to have fun," Graham is quoted in a CNN.com article. Yeah, and to use that dick while it was still attached.

Unfortunately, he sobered up, had a vision from God (of course) and decided to cash in on the lucrative (multimillion-dollar) family business. Naturally that meant getting married. Now he's spewing hate and ignorance just like Dad. It's that seed thing.

Even as Muslims around the world were praying for us immediately after the 9/11 attacks, Franklin Graham hissed that Islam has a different god and is "a very wicked and evil religion."

In point of fact, Muslims pray to the exact same deity Christians do. They even accept Jesus as a messenger from God. The only difference is that they follow the messenger known as Muhammad. True, their messenger had some ideas most Americans don't cotton to. But then, some Christians have ideas most Americans don't cotton to (like killing abortion doctors and turning this country into a theocracy).

Jesus was a peacemaker. However, Franklin Graham is not. Since 9/11 he has continued his attack against Islam, saying, "It's a religion of hatred. It's a religion of war." That "the goal of Islam is world domination," that Muslims can only be free if they worship Jesus Christ. What kind of peacemaking is that? He's spit on every member of one of the world's largest religions (1.6 billion people). That's the same kind of intolerance we see from the Muslim fanatics.

News flash, Franklin: America was founded on religious tolerance. That means Christians here don't insult Muslims or Jews, and Muslims and Jews don't insult Christians. We protect this freedom regardless of what other countries do or say or believe. We refuse to become narrow-minded bigots.

One last thing. Regarding Graham's being evil based on his deeds and pronouncements, there is a second possible explanation: He could just be stupid. In fact, we believe he is very stupid, but we still think he's evil. Very evil. So we ask all true Christians to pray for his soul. Praise the lawd!

FARTS IN THE WIND

We feel obligated to "honor" all police officers who are zealously issuing meritless traffic citations simply to fill their city, county or state's bankrupt coffers. We note that cops who proudly brandish the motto "Protect and Serve" should change it to "Harass and Gouge" now that they have forsaken the citizens of this country to do the bidding of their political masters. Giving out bullshit traffic tickets is un-American and evil. Citizens, rise up!

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EVER SINCE THAT BITCH, DR. LAURA DROPPED THE 'N' BOMB ON HER TALK SHOW, THERE'S TALK ABOUT BANNING THE WORD ALTOGETHER.
FUCK THAT SHIT! THAT MEANS WE WILL NOW HAVE TO GO BACK TO CALLING EACH OTHER NEGROES?!
WINNERS

PHOTOS BY SCOTT NAIDE

Willie Nelson & Woody Harrelson

Shannon Elizabeth

GIVING A HAND TO CHARITY

Country music legend Willie Nelson and Oscar-nominated actor Woody Harrelson recently hosted "Willie and Woody's All Star Texas Hold'em Charity Tournament" at the HUSTLER Casino. The event raised funds for the Sustainable Biodiesel Alliance, a nonprofit organization dedicated to educating the public on the value of community-based biodiesel as a substitute for petroleum.

Seen pushing their luck at the tables were Larry Flynt, *American Pie*'s Shannon Elizabeth, *Scream*'s David Arquette, *The Simpsons*' Hank Azaria, *CSI: Miami*'s Rex Linn and supersexy Mila Kunis, who stars opposite Harrelson in *Friends With Benefits*.

Willie Nelson & Larry Flynt

Mila Kunis

David Arquette & friends

PORN FROM THE PAST

Vagina monologues were far more interesting back when women kept their mouths shut and let the ventriloquist do his job. Thanks to W.A. of Cliffwood Beach, New Jersey, for this photo taken circa 1945.

Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

KEEPING HARD WITH THE KIM KARDASHIAN LOVE DOLL?

Kinky Kim
FILTHY LOVE DOLL
Super Star Series
I could use some nuts right about now!
guess what? no more Bush
3 Hungry Love Holes!
MEET KINKY KIM, THE BUSTY BUBBLE-BUTT BIMBO WHO'S HAD MORE DARK MEAT IN HER THAN A BUCKET OF FRIED CHICKEN! NO ONE REALLY KNOWS WHAT SHE'S FAMOUS FOR --EXCEPT CELLULITE AND HER INSATIABLE APPETITE FOR FILTHY SEX! THIS DIRTY LIL' DIVA WANTS YOU TO STICK IT IN HER FACE AND GET IT ALL OVER THE PLACE-IN HER CRACK OR ON HER BACK, BETWEEN HER THIGHS OR IN HER EYES, IN HER SNATCH OR DOWN HER HATCH! HER THREE HUNGRY LOVE HOLES ARE STARVING FOR YOUR MAN MEAT-SERVE IT TO HER PIPING HOT, MAKE IT BIG, AND LOAD HER WITH YOUR SECRET SAUCE!
pipedream

Good news for wanna-be star-fuckers! Pipedream Products' new novelty item Kinky Kim Filthy Love Doll sure looks like reality TV bimbo Kim Kardashian. Fans of the curvy celebutante will most likely enjoy banging the sex doll's three "hungry holes," but we plan to use the Kardashianesque blow-up to get us into all the trendy nightclubs in Hollywood, New York and Miami!

If that doesn't work, we'll just stay home and dance with the star…right after we pee on her like Ray J. allegedly did!

"New Year's Eve: where auld acquaintance be forgot. Unless, of course, those tests come back positive." —*JAY LENO, TALK-SHOW HOST*

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CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Heidi Montag* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

The 24–year-old star of *The Hills* recently had 10 plastic surgery procedures in one day including a collagen lipjob, boobjob, nosejob and a chinjob. Now that we've filled her mouth with something way better than collagen or silicone, the newly voluptuous blonde is the perfect woman.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Heidi Montag actually exists—unless her husband Spencer Pratt snapped one in between taking headshots of himself. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

HOLY TRAMP STAMPS!

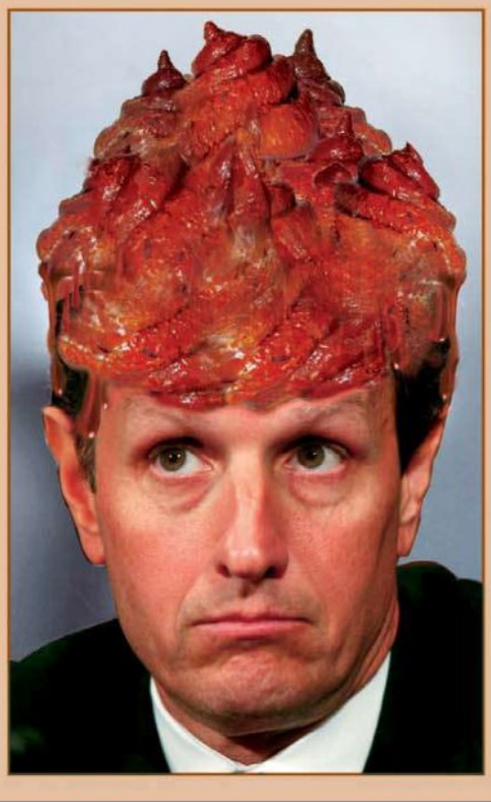
Although we're pretty sure pastor Kyle Steven Bonenberger has never asked his congregation to kill their firstborns or hand over their worldly possessions to prove devotion to God, it looks as if he's been hitting the Kool-Aid. In celebration of the Anaheim, California-based City Church's first anniversary, the 26-year-old punk priest asked his flock to show God some groupie love by tattooing the church's logo onto their bodies. According to the *Orange County Register*, Bonenberger reminded his 200 followers, "God has your name tattooed on his heart."

Of course, over God's left breast is a Whitesnake tattoo that he's not proud of. Damn those crazy 40 days and 40 nights! For more about City Church, which holds its Sunday services at the punk rock nightclub Chain Reaction, go to **LoveHopeCity.com**.

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #13

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner recently gave a full-throated defense of the Troubled Asset Relief Program. "I have no doubt that, over time, when [Republican leaders] step back and look at the results, they will be proud of [TARP]," he declared. Sure, Timmy. The same way we are "proud" of your stealing $700 billion in nearly unrecoverable taxpayer money to buy overvalued toxic assets from banks. In fact, trillions of dollars of toxic assets still remain on the books of our largest financial institutions.



Geithner announced that "TARP is now regarded by many experts as one of the most effective emergency programs in financial history." This means as much to us as the National Bureau of Economic Research recently telling us the recession has been "over" since June 2009.

"Marry an orphan. You'll never have to spend boring holidays with the in-laws." —*GEORGE CARLIN, COMIC*

NEWSBITES

In-and-Out Furburger

Police in Zurich, Switzerland, have built a row of drive-in "sex boxes" designed to thwart residents from watching what local streetwalkers are up to. The booths, which look like enclosed parking spaces, give the feel of having sex in someone's garage. The socially progressive Swiss want to allow streetwalkers in the red-light district more privacy while they conduct their "business." Honk if you're horny when you drive in and pull out.

Release Sex Tape, Get Ahead

According to the dating service CanDoBetter.com, 42% of Gen Y men surveyed said they would do a sex tape if it increased fame or fortune. Meanwhile, 64% of young women said they would release one—hey, we'll help you with that!—if it would provide a promotion, pay raise or a career boost.

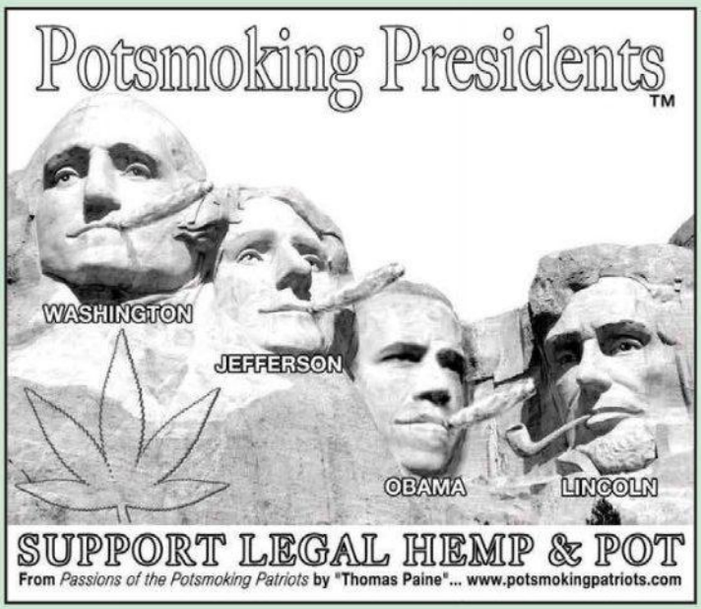
Your Ex Is a Real Doll

It can happen to anyone: getting your ass dumped by a chick and not being able to deal with it. Trust us, we've been there. So has a 50-year-old Italian businessman, who wasn't content to just stalk the bitch after she told him to buzz off. He had her immortalized in silicone. The doll was faithfully reproduced in exact detail—down to the teeth and nails—with one exception: "bigger boobs." For $18,000 the jilted Romeo finally got over it and now gets off on it.

More Chore and You Will Score

According to sex therapist Ian Kerner, helping in the kitchen will get men laid more. "Parts of the female brain associated with stress and anxiety need to deactivate in order for a woman to enjoy sex," Kerner explains. Who knew that washing the dishes could result in more missionary, more doggy, more everything? Less stress equals more sex, Kerner points out. Apparently "choreplay" is the new foreplay.

ALTERED HEADS OF STATE

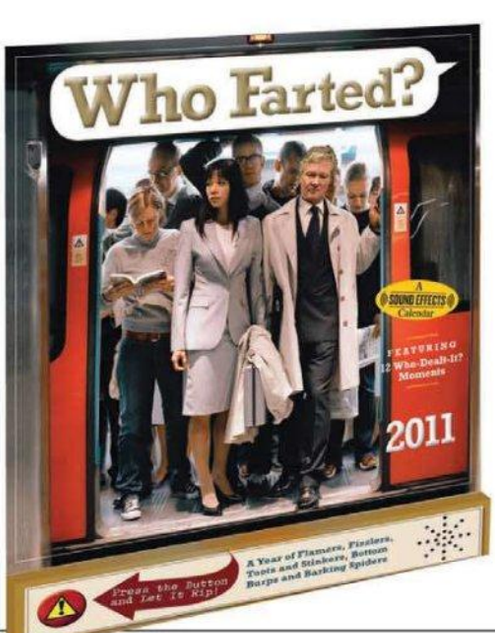


According to historian and activist Harvey Wasserman, "Our past Presidents Washington and Jefferson were known growers of pot, using the entire plant in the manufacture of paper, rope and clothing. It's ridiculous that we are not legally able to grow hemp in all states, as it's a usable biofuel." Support the cause by buying a T-shirt at **PotSmokingPatriots.com**. If smoking weed is good enough for our "Tokers in Chief," it's good enough for us.

SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH

The people at Joe's make jeans, really small ones. And there's nothing better than a girl in nothing but tiny jeans on a swing—to give us a schwing.

Thanks to the folks at Joe's for this month's found porn. *Photo by Ladi von Jansky*


Who Farted?
A SOUND EFFECTS Calendar
2011
Press the button and let it rip!
A Year of Flamers, Fizzlers, Toots and Stinkers, Bottom Burps and Barking Spiders

IT'S A GAS

Times are shitty, but the winds of change are upon us! Workman Publishing's 2011 *Who Farted?* calendar combines 12 familiar crowd images (i.e., elevator ride, yoga class) with 15 unique fart sounds (from tiny toot to full-on butt-trumpet). Just look at the picture, push the button, and you've got blast-off!

The 2011 *Who Farted?* calendar is available at **Workman.com**.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

"I never believed in Santa Claus because I knew no white dude would come into my neighborhood after dark." —DICK GREGORY, COMIC/ACTIVIST

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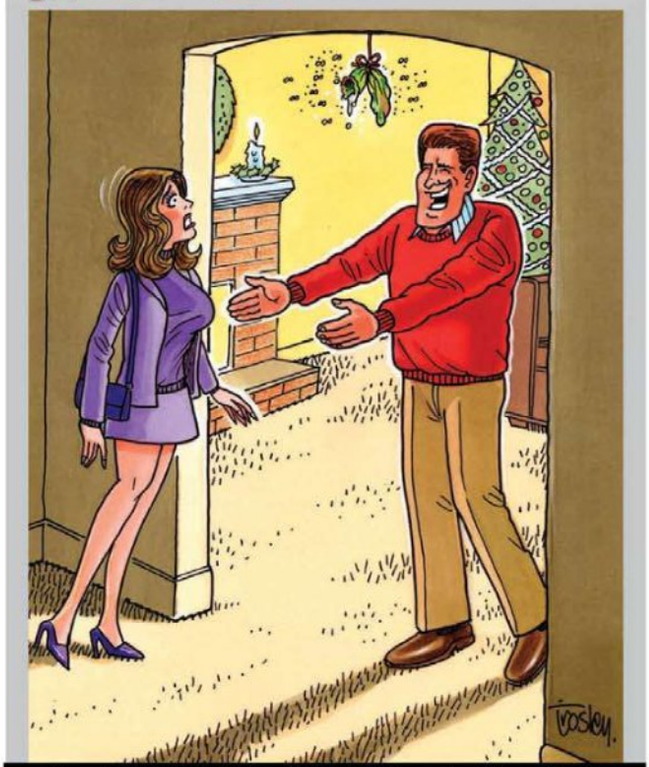
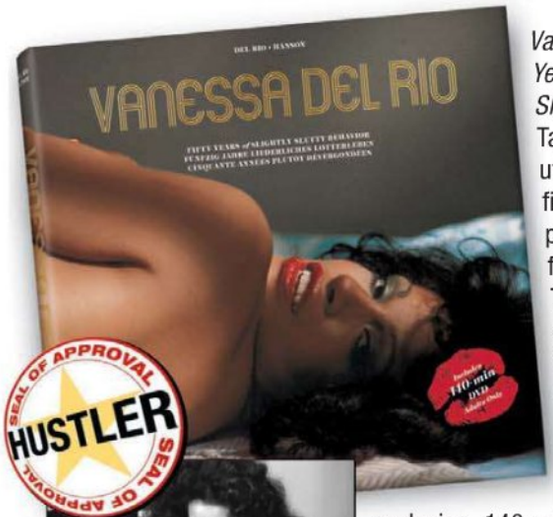
MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"I couldn't find mistletoe...Give me a kiss under this moldy old green condom I found behind the couch!"

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB



From a 1973 glamour set shot prior to film debut, courtesy of Taschen

Vanessa Del Rio: Fifty Years of Slightly Slutty Behavior is Taschen Books' tribute to one of adult film's most extreme performers (and its first Latina star). The book features over 500 images, including professional and personal snapshots of Del Rio in hard-core action, and an exclusive 140-minute documentary on DVD.

In addition to the photos, Del Rio's account of her rise from New York City prostitute to Golden Age of Porn icon is quite a page-turner, assuming you can take your hand out of your pants every couple of minutes.

Pick up your copy at **Taschen.com**.

"A New Year's resolution is something that goes in one year and out the other." —*ANONYMOUS*

Krystal

Jenny Crispin

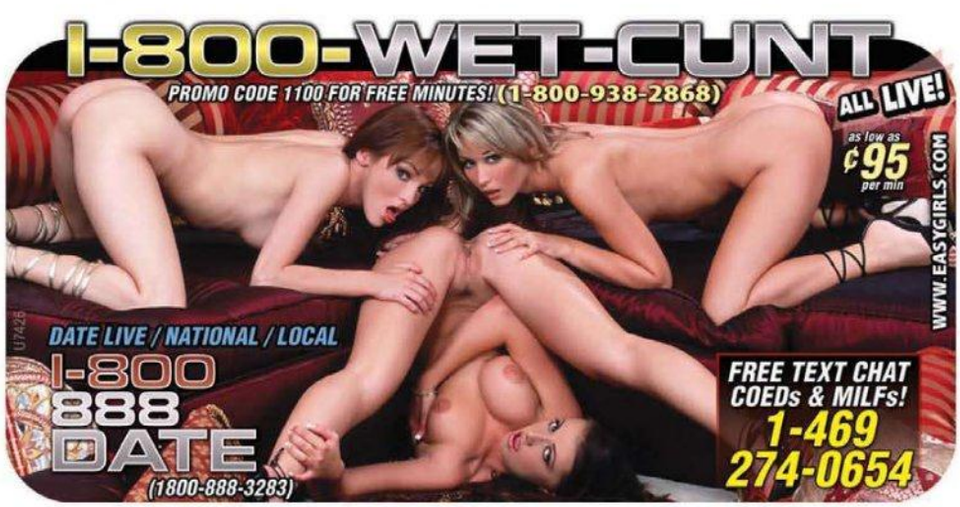
NAKED AMBITION

Held at the Ponderosa Sun Club in Roselawn, Indiana, this year's Nudes-A-Poppin' pageant attracted hopefuls from all over the country who dared to bare. Nekkid ladies vying for the coveted Miss Nudes-A-Poppin' crown were judged on "poise, appearance and stage presence." What happened to personality?

Awards included "Miss Hot Buns" and "Miss Nude Go-Go." There's even a couples dance category just in case you and your girl want to give it a shot next year.

Sunny Lane, Dennis Rodman, Adara Michaels

PHOTOS BY DAVID KEMP



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Urine Luck: An Introduction to Kink

Warm, wonderful urine splashed over my titties and streamed in rivulets down my belly. As Robert's golden arc moved lower, I spread my legs wide. His pee was now raining down on my pussy bush. Droplets sparkled in my auburn curls. Using both hands, I pinned my cunt flaps. Then I held my breath in anticipation. The boy toyed with me a little, teasing my thighs with his spray before finally, finally—a direct hit.

His piss targeted my pink and clit, and I was coming. Heaven washed over me in waves. I fell back into the bathtub, into that golden pool, and felt complete, uninhibited bliss. So this was what freedom felt like. This was *kink!*

I had always been a fairly ordinary girl who played by the rules. You know, I worked 9 to 5, didn't get drunk on weeknights, paid my parking tickets on time, rarely called in sick. I didn't fuck on a first date and never, ever fucked without condoms. Then I met Robert.

He was just a boy I noticed one day at the gym while I was kickboxing. Robert was hard not to notice—sculpted arms and thighs, and cute, little, hard, handful butt cheeks. Thick, raven-black hair. Nice cheekbones.

I masturbated thinking about him in bed that night. And the next day, to my total fuckin' delight, there he was at the gym again! We partnered up for a kickboxing session. It went really well, actually. It was like we encouraged each other to work harder. At the end of the hour he asked me out for that evening. It was a Tuesday night, and I was on deadline at the office. Still, Robert was way too hot to brush off till the weekend, so I gave him an enthusiastic "Yes!"

We started at a small bar at the beach for happy hour, with pitchers of delicious ice-cold lager. We ended up in Hollywood, stumbling through Madame Tussauds museum, snapping pix with wax celebrities.

I don't even remember what it was anymore—maybe Robert humping Beyoncé's butt—but something set me to laughing so hysterically, I peed my pants. I couldn't help it. Too much beer.

Embarrassment flushed my cheeks as I felt the wet spot spread on my jeans. It was dark in the museum, so I was hoping Rob wouldn't notice. He did. But strangely enough, his eyes lit up, and after that he was all over me, kissing, pawing, suggesting we head back to my place.

I was drunk and full-on in lust. If ever there was a time to relax my rules, this was it. It wasn't long before we were naked, in my bedroom, and that's when he mentioned his special kink.

I guess I should have been shocked, but I wasn't. I was more curious and anxious to please. We moved to the bathroom, where Rob gently settled me into my claw-foot tub and begged me to try to hold my water while he did his thing. That's where we came into this letter.

I could not believe how good it felt to have his golden urine coating my body. It was so liberating! My climax brought sweet release, and with it my own gushing pee.

As soon as Robert saw my stream, he was hard and in the tub with me. Clutching my hips, he maneuvered me on top of him such that my piss was hitting his magnificent throbber full force. It felt crazy good, empowering somehow.

While my waterfall was still going strong, his prick slammed right into my pissing pussy. His hips were bucking off the porcelain, and his cock was slamming my snizz deep, while my hot urine still gushed over his nut sac. It was erotic overload, vanilla sex times ten.

When my stream ended, I leaned down to bite on his nipples. Suddenly it occurred to me to reach back and plug the bathtub, to keep some of our kink with us to splash around in. The aroma was intoxicating.

Robert's long, hard cock was touching me where I'd never been touched. How the hell did he know exactly where my G spot was? When I started climaxing a second time, he lifted his piss-slick fingers to my mouth to suck. And finally he came with me, spurting bareback right into my pussy.

I still felt the warm glow as we showered, soaping and rinsing between passionate kisses. Then I asked Robert to sleep over. And come morning, I called in sick for work.

—A.L.
Marina del Rey, California

"Go long!"

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

BELLISIMA BELLA

BELLA COLE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITALDESIRE.COM

Find more issues at magazinesdownload.com

I like men who are very open and very confident," says the luscious and lovely **Bella Cole**. "A man who is more confident than I am is great!" **Bella** also mentions she "loves to be nude" and savors wrapping her long and lean legs around a man. That works for us!

Beautiful **Bella**, who lost her virginity when she was 15, recalls, "It was a typical drunk-and-stoned party night. I can't really remember, but I'm still good friends with the guy." We're pretty sure *he* never forgot!

"I'm also a giver," **Bella** continues. "Of course, that doesn't mean I'm against receiving. I love to get fucked from behind on my stomach. I like the pressure on my clit when my boyfriend goes really deep. I also like anal sex, playing with anal plugs and using a big Hitachi Wand vibrator. My boyfriend and I always have amazing sex."

And what does **Bella** do for an encore? "I'm also a swallower," she proudly admits. "Spitting is for people who don't like cum, and that's not sexy."

So what is the hottie's ultimate fantasy? "I would like to meet a complete stranger and have hot, rough sex," she purrs. You've come to the right place, **Bella**.

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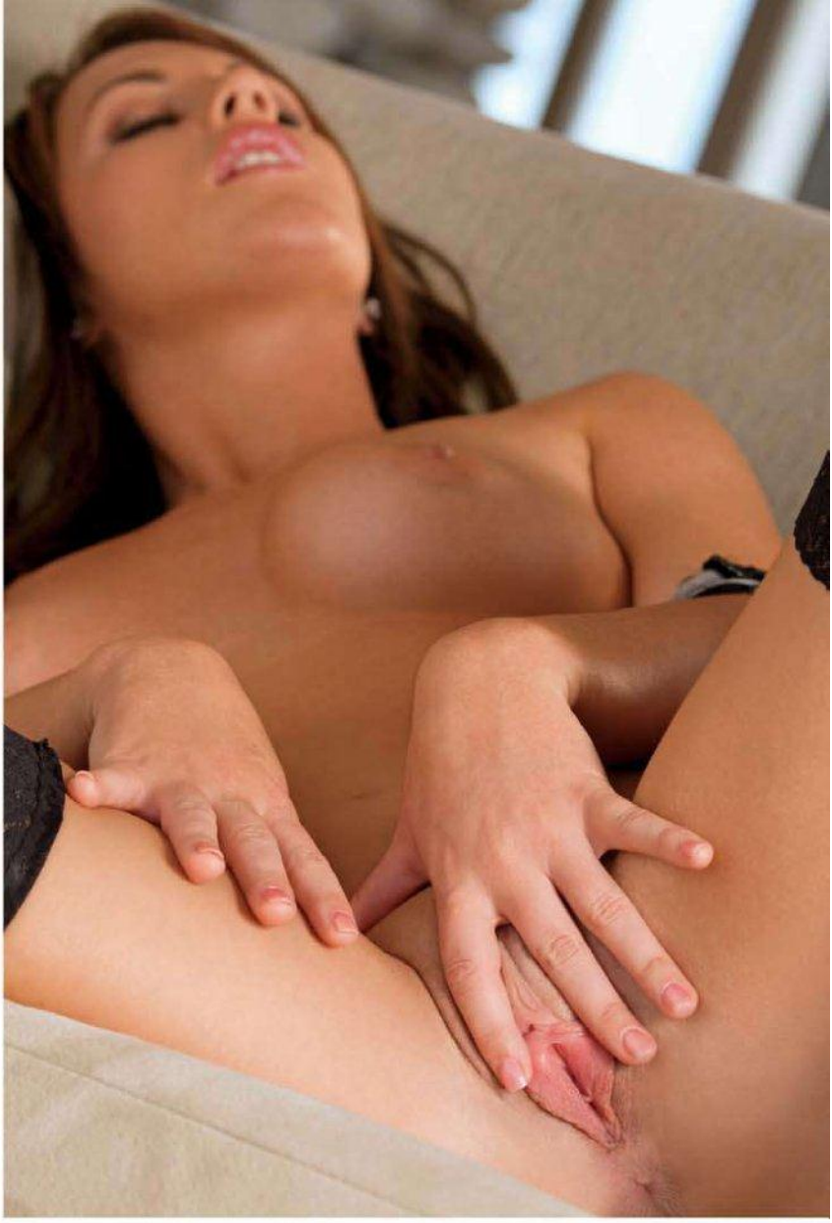

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BELLA COLE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Tucson, Arizona | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 120

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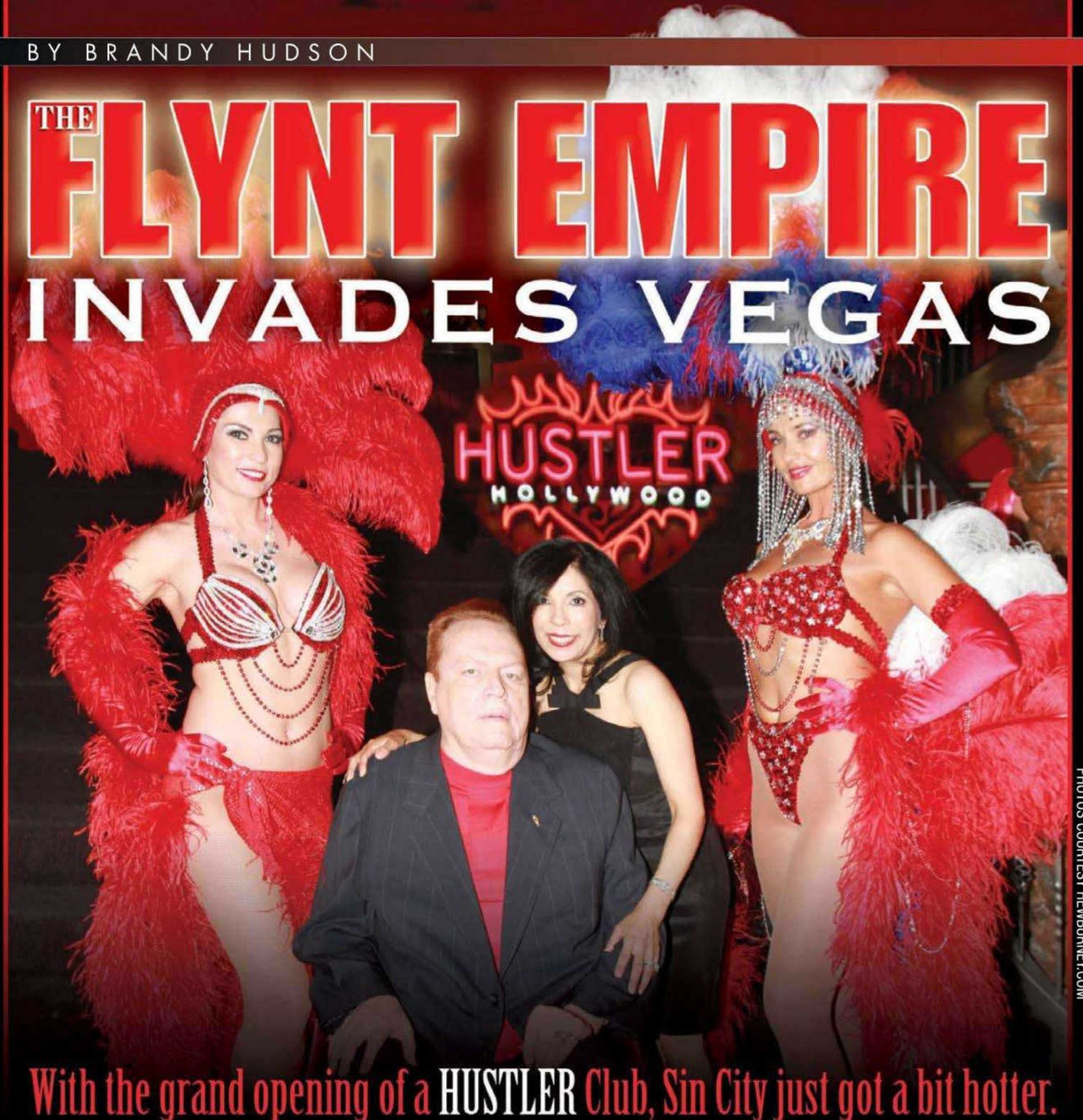
BY BRANDY HUDSON

THE FLYNT EMPIRE INVADES VEGAS



PHOTOS COURTESY HEWBURNEY.COM

With the grand opening of a HUSTLER Club, Sin City just got a bit hotter.

Nearly three years ago HUSTLER publisher Larry Flynt and Jason "Cash" Mohney began formulating their boldest venture to date. The two savvy business partners planned to bring the most expensive gentlemen's club ever built to Las Vegas. For a city whose marketing slogan is "What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas," the HUSTLER brand seemed to be a perfect fit. Finally, on September 10, 2010, the Las Vegas HUSTLER Club celebrated its VIP grand opening.

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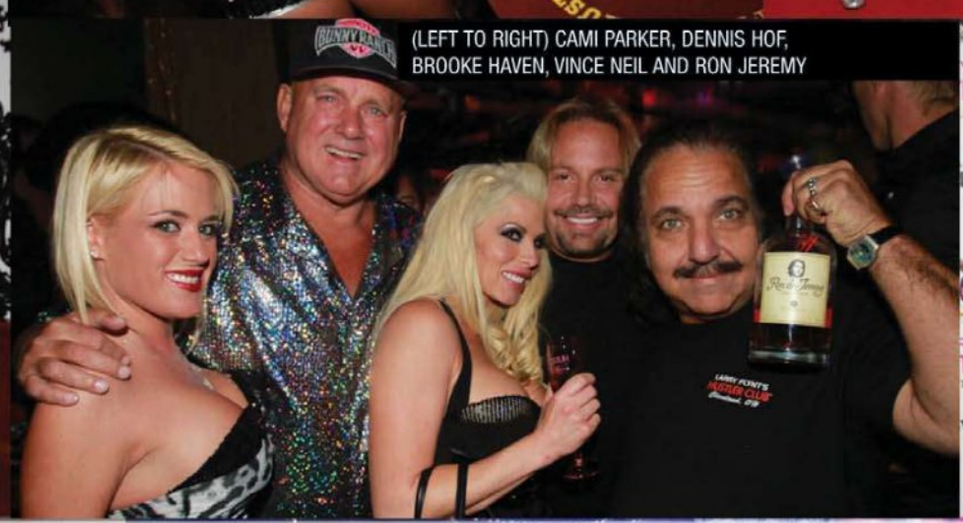
LARRY AND THERESA FLYNT

KAGNEY LINN KARTER



(LEFT TO RIGHT) CAMI PARKER, DENNIS HOF, BROOKE HAVEN, VINCE NEIL AND RON JEREMY

On hand were a bevy of dazzling adult stars, including Sarah Palin look-alike Lisa Ann, who headlined an amazing array of feature dancers. Celebrities like Mötley Crüe's Vince Neil, porn legend Ron Jeremy and comedian Jeffrey Ross were spotted posing for pictures with BunnyRanch honcho Dennis Hof, actor Mark Curry and many others.

Outside looming over the parking lot, a seductive female sculpture holding a flaming torch is a beacon for motorists on Interstate 15. Inside the 70,000-square-foot facility, beneath a magnificent chandelier, is a stunning foyer. A spiral staircase leads to three floors of lavish seating areas and private booths, each designed in its own unique color scheme and theme.

With free-flowing champagne, balloons, see-through glass stages and plenty of hors d'oeuvres, the festivities resembled a high roller's bachelor party. Aerialists and contortionists entertained the crowd as support staff wearing "Relax...It's Just Sex" shirts bussed the tables. Topless

PRIYA RAI

LISA ANN WOWS HER FANS

dancers slithered seductively on catwalks, while some guests partied on the rooftop patio, which offers a breathtaking view of the Vegas skyline. That's also where Flynt and Mohney plan to add a wedding chapel, hot tubs, cabanas and separate bar.

Nearby, HUSTLER Hollywood Las Vegas also opened its doors to stake its claim on Sin City. The sophisticated adult-entertainment emporium is heralded as "The Erotic Department Store for the Millennium."

"Mr. Flynt is an icon in our industry, and we could not be more pleased to contribute to the opening night success of the HUSTLER Club," said LA Direct Models founder Derek Hay. "We were delighted to bring some of our hottest adult-film stars to Vegas for the night."

We may be biased but, for our money, this is one club you really don't want to miss.

Larry Flynt's HUSTLER CLUB, 5969 Dean Martin Drive, Las Vegas, NV 89118; telephone: 702-795-3131; HUSTLERclubs.com.

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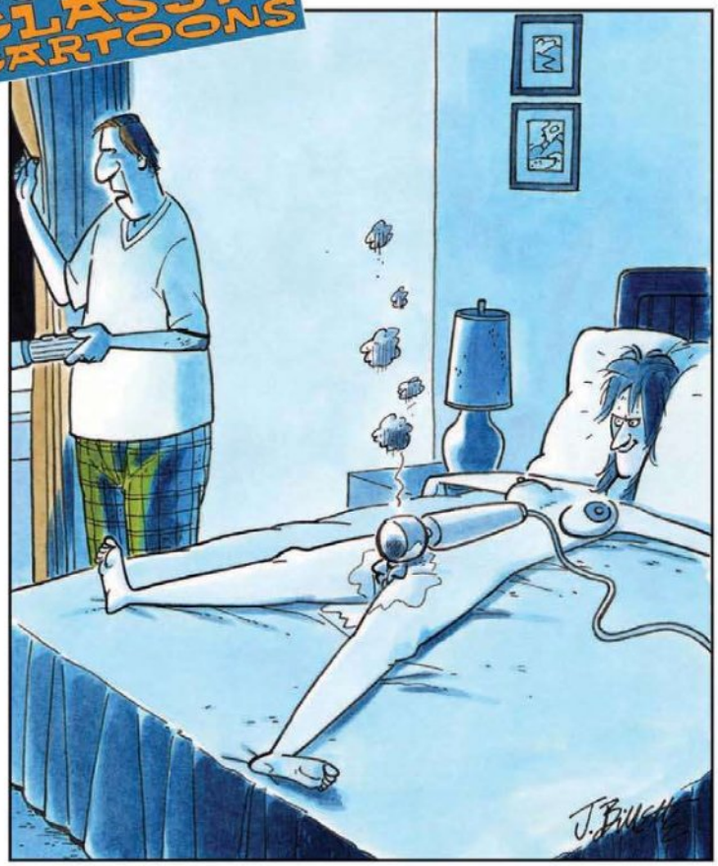
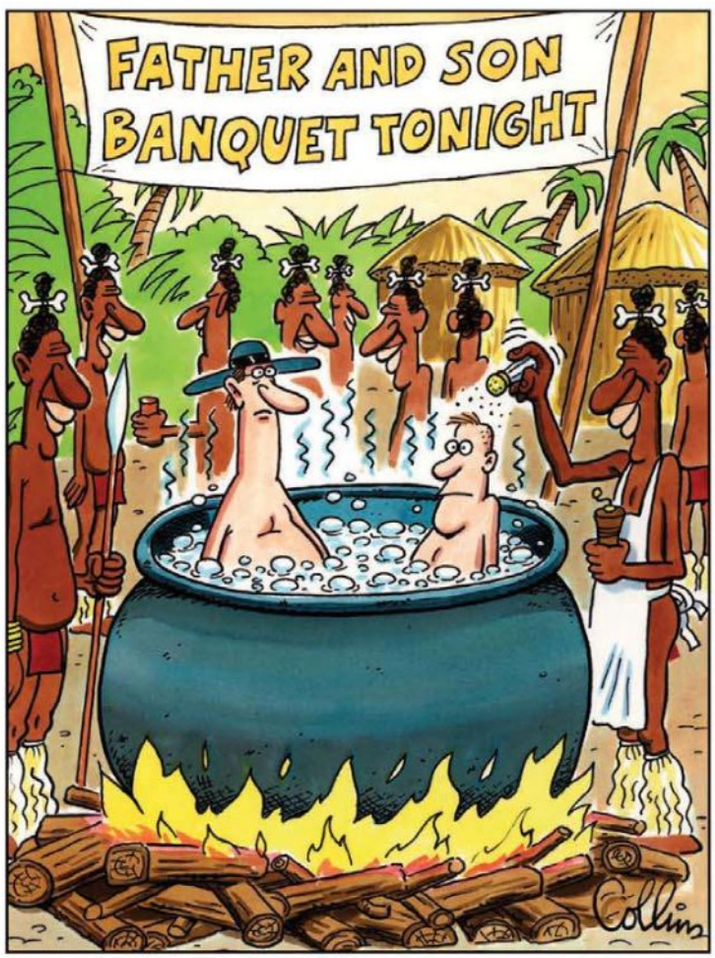
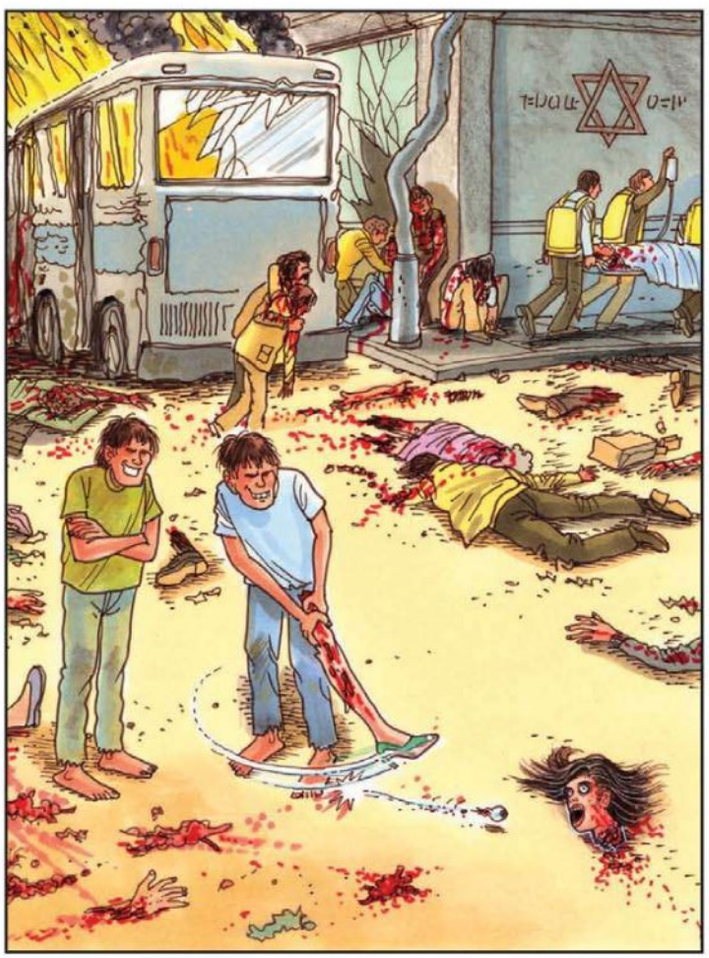


"Nice goin', gristle-clit. You've blacked-out the neighborhood again!"

"Where does she find all these stupid fucking niggers?"





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DOUG BENSON

THE BEST HOLIDAYS EVER

*BEST-KNOWN FOR HIS MANY APPEARANCES AS A COMMENTATOR ON VH1'S BEST WEEK EVER AND FOR STARRING IN THE STONER COMEDY SUPER HIGH ME, DOUG BENSON IS A FUNNY FELLOW. HE STOPPED BY **HUSTLER** TO TALK ABOUT ALL THINGS SEASONAL, INCLUDING EGGNOG, FUCKING ELVES, FRUITCAKE AND THE BEST GIFT EVER: HIS NEW CD, HYPOCRITICAL OAF.*

HUSTLER: What is the "reason for the season"?

DOUG BENSON: Something to do with Jesus, I think. I've never been particularly religious. I just like the presents and the animated TV specials. When I was a kid, I wanted to grow up to be an elf who wanted to be a dentist.

If you had been one of the Bible's Three Wise Men, what gift would you have brought the baby Jesus?

A nice sativa. But I would've smoked it on the ride over, so I'd have to scrape something else up when I got there, like some myrrh or some shit.

Do you think the Virgin Mary was really a virgin?

I try not to pry into other people's business.

One of your biggest claims to fame has to be *Super High Me*. Do you smoke weed every day?

Pretty much, yeah. How could I not? After the film came out, I don't go anywhere without people recognizing me. No one really bothers me or mobs me. I have this kind of mellow level of notoriety. Most people recognize me and invite me to go somewhere to smoke with them. Every town I perform in, people give me free weed. At the end of each weekend at a comedy club I distribute my surplus to other people. I'm their secret Santa year-round!

Is it a myth that stoners are always late, lazy and unmotivated?

It's mostly true, but I showed up on time today. I'm the punctual pothead, *and* I agreed to

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

put on a Santa suit. Good thing I'm high right now. (*Laughs.*) I didn't start smoking till I was 28, and I was great at being lazy before that. As a teenager, I laid around watching TV all the time. The crazy thing about my life is that watching TV led to me being able to be a pop culture talking head on television, because I know so much about all that useless crap. My obsession with pop culture plus pot has made me what I am today.

What is the best gift you've ever received?

The gift of life. Thanks, Mom and Dad!

Worst gift?

Same thing.

What is eggnog?

Besides gross? I have no idea.

What is your favorite holiday song?

I like that "Christmas Wrapping" by The Waitresses, which is kind of sad to listen to now, because the singer [Patty Donahue] died.

What holiday song makes you want to kill someone?

"Little Drummer Boy" is a parumpapumbummer.

Have you ever gone Christmas caroling?

Yes, against my will.

Would you ever work as a shopping mall Santa?

No, but I'd put the suit on for a wacky HUSTLER photo shoot!

Are all shopping mall Santas pedophiles?

Most of them are probably just fat guys with white beards who sort of get pigeonholed into the occupation. Or they are really into children's pigeonholes.

Do you like fruitcakes?

On a scale of one to ten, I give fruitcakes a fuckoff!

Would you ever have sex with an elf?

Never say never, especially where elves are concerned.

If you could have peace on Earth or an unlimited supply of free weed, what would you pick?

I already get a lot of free weed, so let's go with peace on Earth.

Do you know how to gift wrap?

Yes, but I can't roll a joint. How weird is that?

Have you ever regifted something?

I regift weed all the time.

What should you never regift?

Anything with the original wrapping removed—like a condom.

Do you know how to trim a tree?

No, but I really enjoy using the word *trim*.

If you could remake one classic holiday film and then star in it, what would it be? And how would you make the movie better?

It bugged me how Ron Howard's version of *How the Grinch Stole Christmas* made the Whos look like a bunch of overconsuming A-holes who learned the true spirit of Christmas from the Grinch. So I'd remake it like the original, where the Whos celebrate happily even after the Grinch stole their stuff. And I'd play the dog.

Do you have any big plans for New Year's Eve?

That's a big night for comedy shows, so I'll be performing somewhere I'm sure. People like to laugh on New Year's Eve because the passing of time is so depressing.

What inspired you to start doing stand-up in the first place?

I moved [from San Diego] to Los Angeles without really thinking about being a comedian. It never really dawned on me that I could do that. I wanted to be an actor or a writer. A couple of buddies of mine dared me to do stand-up comedy. We were all supposed to go to this open mic night at The Comedy Store and sign up. The other guy didn't show up in time, but I did. And I went on that night. Now I'm in the Christmas issue of HUSTLER, and those two guys are probably both dead. (*Laughs.*)

Which of your stand-up gigs really stand out?

One would be when I performed in Amsterdam, and the entire crowd was smoking away the whole time—and passing them up to me. It was so nice and so mellow. Not a lot of big laughs, a whole lot of grinning and nodding.

Have you ever encountered comedy groupies?

They are just nice girls that very likely enjoy weed and appreciate my sense of humor. There is a lot of flirting that says, "I really want to go somewhere with you, smoke some weed and… hear some more jokes." (*Laughs.*) You do meet some great women if you have a good sense of humor, but it's not like being in a band. It's funny to me that most musicians want to be comics, and most comics want to be musicians. The people that do both are unstoppable. If you're a funny musician? You get the best groupies.

How long have you been doing comedy?

That happened when I was 22, and I'm 63 now (*laughs*), so it's been a long time. [*Benson is actually 46.*] The first five to six years were full of trial and error and bad day jobs. I did a lot of extra work in movies to pay the bills while I was getting my stand-up together. It took a while to get to the point where I could call myself a professional comedian.

What movies were you in as an extra?

The most impressive three movies that I am for sure in, that I can point myself out in, are *Blade Runner*, *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* and Michael Jackson's *Captain EO* at Disneyland.

That's an odd résumé.

When I did *Blade Runner*, I was really young. A buddy and I were so excited to be in the new Ridley Scott/Harrison Ford movie. As we were shooting it, we started to get the idea that it was not going to be another *Star Wars*. We were on the back lot at Warner Brothers shooting in the rain with this weird mix of extras. They had a bunch of genuine non-English-speaking Asian people, a bunch of punk-rock kids with face tattoos, and then we were a couple of white kids running around. We were in the scene where Harrison Ford was chasing Zhora the robot girl through the streets, and we kept trying to get in his way because he was so method that if an extra got in his way he would push them out of the way. We thought it would be cool to get manhandled by Harrison Ford.

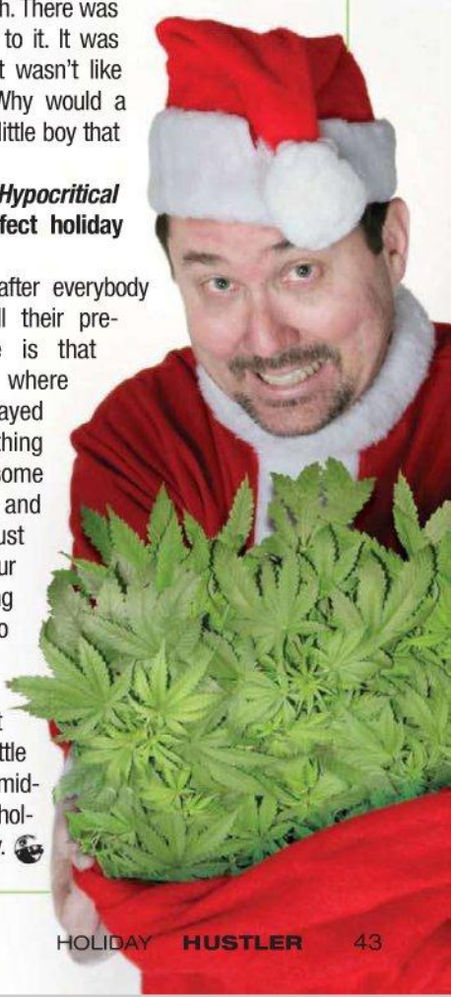
Speaking of manhandling, what was it like being in *Captain EO*?

Francis Ford Coppola ran out of money while making this epic 3D attraction. So they decided to stop using union dancers and just hire extras to be the dancers for the final scene right after Angelica Huston turns into as pretty as she can get. We all dance around freestyle in jubilation. I'm wearing the same costume as the real dancer you see through the entire film, with my hair spray-painted orange, jumping around like an idiot. It was fascinating to watch Michael [Jackson] perform, because he could just turn it on and off. He was really gifted in that way.

But then, in between each take, he would sit in the corner with this little boy sitting in his lap. They would whisper something into each other's ear and giggle until they called him back on the set. Then he'd become a professional adult. Then he'd go back to the boy. I've always contended that he may not have specifically molested children, but he certainly liked children too much. There was a sweetness to it. It was creepy, but it wasn't like sex-creepy. Why would a man enjoy a little boy that much?

Why is *Hypocritical Oaf* the perfect holiday gift?

Because after everybody opens up all their presents, there is that moment where you've played with everything and tried some things on, and now are just stuck with your family. Having something to listen to might just save you. It might be a little oasis in the middle of all that holiday drudgery.



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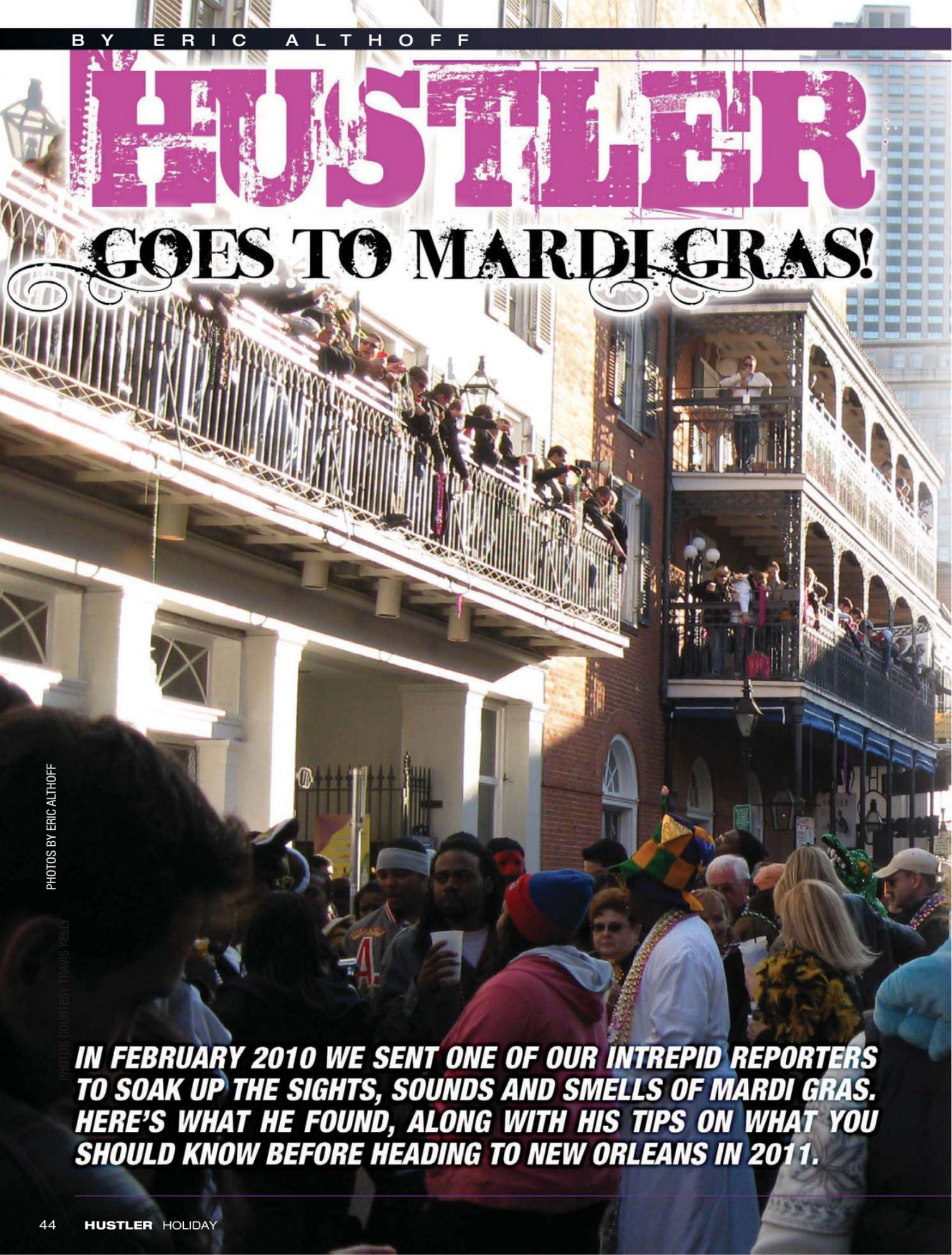
BY ERIC ALTHOFF

HUSTLER GOES TO MARDI GRAS!



PHOTOS BY ERIC ALTHOFF

PHOTOS COURTESY TRAVIS KELLY

IN FEBRUARY 2010 WE SENT ONE OF OUR INTREPID REPORTERS TO SOAK UP THE SIGHTS, SOUNDS AND SMELLS OF MARDI GRAS. HERE'S WHAT HE FOUND, ALONG WITH HIS TIPS ON WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW BEFORE HEADING TO NEW ORLEANS IN 2011.

Thanks to a red-eye flight from L.A., I'm exhausted when I finally check in at Le Pavilion hotel, just outside the French Quarter, at noon. My friends, Roger, Chris and Chris's brother Jon, are still passed out from their Saturday night debauchery. Roger, clothes askew and eyes barely open, falls out of bed as he says hello. Welcome to Mardi Gras.

After I catch a quick nap, we hit the town and hit it hard. The first of many, many parades is already heading down Canal Street. Standing behind barricades, thousands of local residents and visitors shout at the costumed riders on the passing floats. The sheer sea of humanity with hands upturned makes it seem like some kind of hell, with the damned all begging for clemency in the form of cheap, plastic beads and various other toss-away trinkets. My friend Jon even catches a plastic spear!

"WHO DAT?!" Everywhere we go, those two words are echoed endlessly in honor of the New Orleans Saints' Super Bowl victory a week earlier.

Crossing the madness on Canal to infiltrate the French Quarter proves arduous, but we make it. Cops are literally ev-er-y-where! My buddy Thad, a N'awlins native, warned me ahead of time not to fuck with the NOPD.

During my visit, Lundi Gras—Shrove Monday's festivities—falls on Presidents Day, a federal holiday, and the courts are always closed on Fat Tuesday. Meaning if you get arrested on Saturday or Sunday during one of the various Mardi Gras pre-parties, you won't even appear before a judge until at least Wednesday, but more likely Thursday. Think about *that* before you decide to snatch a copper's cap.

Only a block down Bourbon Street I stumble upon Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club. I snap a pic of yet another outpost of our publisher's far-reaching empire. Only a few more streets down is Larry Flynt's Barely Legal Club, with a HUSTLER Hollywood store another few blocks away! Although Flynt's company is headquartered in Beverly Hills, California, its high-profile presence in New Orleans has me wondering if the Crescent City is actually HUSTLER Town.

That notion is further heightened by what's taking place on Bourbon Street. Despite the 40-degree weather (the coldest Mardi Gras in some years), women of all shapes and sizes are nude from the waist up, their torsos painted in various designs—many of them replicating the Saints logo.

One topless hottie is surrounded by gaping dudes all eager for a pic. I push my way forward, say something about being from HUSTLER, and point to my shirt inscribed with the word "editor". She smiles for my photo, then turns toward another ogling shutterbug. *C'est bien.*

One of the best things about Mardi Gras is

Reporter ERIC ALTHOFF and new friend.

SPIKE LEE speaks out.

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you can legally walk the streets of New Orleans with an alcoholic beverage in hand, provided the container is an open plastic cup. This is true year-round, but during Mardi Gras, restaurant owners are less apt to mind if you enter with, say, a Hurricane from Pat O'Brien's. However, you may be asked to down it before being seated. This I learn firsthand at the Court of Two Sisters, where I enjoy the most delicious brunch I have ever had. (And FYI: Everything you've heard about Hurricanes is true: You're drunk before you even know what hit you.) The open container policy also means you don't need to finish a drink before moving on to the next bar, a tidbit this Yankee reporter keeps reminding himself of at each successive watering hole.

On Shrove Monday we head to the riverfront to meet up with some of Jon's friends at the 18th Annual Zulu's Lundi Gras Festival. A cold wind blows in off the Mississippi, but everyone at Woldenberg Park is in high spirits. The crowd is pumped even more by the surprise appearance of rapper Ludacris, who keeps his normally filthy lyrics family friendly. That just encourages many revelers to happily fill in the blanks for him.

Ludacris is followed by Spike Lee, whose documentary *When the Levees Broke: A Requiem in Four Acts* chronicled Hurricane Katrina's devastation of New Orleans. As Lee speaks, I'm hit in the head by something squishy. I pick up the blob laying on the ground and realize it's a fake boob. Amusing, but that's the only breast I'll actually touch during my stay.

However, the more time I spend in the French Quarter, the more mammaries I at least *see*. On Monday and Tuesday, Bourbon Street is a voyeur's paradise, which increases the boobage count. Guys and gals on French balconies successfully entreat women—ranging from college-aged to very post-menopausal—to flash their endowments in exchange for cheap, plastic beads. After a short time I discover that the best place to take snapshots of the obliging ladies is underneath the balconies themselves.

Of course, I am amazed by the abundance of bared bosoms, but I am equally amazed by the audacious costumes worn by the revelers on Fat Tuesday. I've been to the Halloween street carnival in West Hollywood a few times, but it's got nothing on this. Problem is, by Tuesday I'm so tired, hungover and burned

(continued on page 76)

THE THREE CARDINAL RULES OF MARDI GRAS

In a city and at a time of year when almost anything can and does go, adhering to three unofficial edicts will save you a trip to the pokey.

1) No Glass: New Orleans's open container laws allow pedestrians to consume alcohol from almost any plastic bottle or cup, but the fuzz is constantly on the lookout for glass, which drunken revelers have been known to toss at both people and property.

2) No Fighting: Nothing will earn you a pass to the lockup faster than a public brawl. And keep in mind that with courthouses closed on Fat Tuesday, the resulting backlog of cases could keep you languishing in the drunk tank for nearly a week before you're even arraigned.

3) No Public Urination: Call it hypocritical or a double standard, but when it comes to Mardi Gras nudity, it's breasts only, kids. And since guys tend to be the ones who will piss in public after too many drinks, this unofficial rule could be summed up even better as no penises!

MORE MARDI GRAS ESSENTIALS

Make Reservations ASAP: Like any hot event, hotel rooms during Mardi Gras are scooped up even a year in advance. The longer you wait to secure a bunk, the better your chances of camping way out in Baton Rouge.

Pace Yourself: Think of the Mardi Gras experience as a marathon, not a sprint. A common rookie error is frontloading the drinking and partying, leaving nothing in the gas tank for the days ahead. If you arrive on Friday and plan on hanging around until Fat Tuesday, that's potentially five entire days and nights of debauchery. Not even Tucker Max could keep up that kind of solid pace. The same goes for bathroom breaks: The nearest toilet may have a lonnnnng line (and a fee!), so space out your drinks thoughtfully. Remember that naps are your friend.

Bring Comfortable Shoes: Thanks to all the street parties and parades, New Orleans—especially the French Quarter—can be an absolute nightmare for motorists during Mardi Gras. That means walking is definitely the way to get around. And don't worry: You usually won't have to hoof very far to have fun, but the streets and sidewalks are often in disrepair, so watch your footing. Also, as my friend Chris told me ahead of time, "Be prepared to step in vomit—or worse." My last word of advice: Wear shoes that you might not mind tossing in a dumpster after Fat Tuesday. —E.A.

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITALDESIRE.COM

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Ella Milano was only three when the sitcom *Who's the Boss?* ended its eight-year run on ABC, but she's been hearing about it her entire life. "People say I look a lot like Alyssa Milano," she says. "Guys my age cite *Charmed* or *My Name Is Earl*, but my older fans—guys in their 30s and 40s—always bring up *Who's the Boss?* Sometimes they call me Samantha!"

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Ella welcomes the comparisons. “Alyssa Milano is beautiful,” she tells us. “I’m bi so I look at women with the same lust men do. I’m just more discreet about it—sometimes. Okay, I drool too!”

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Despite being petite, **Ella** doesn't have a problem being the playful boss in bed. She enjoys calling the shots. "It's funny how men are so willing to do what women demand in the bedroom," **Ella** says with a laugh. "I love that power. They rarely argue when I sit on their face or order them to jackhammer my pussy!"

ELLA MILANO'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Santa Barbara, California | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 107

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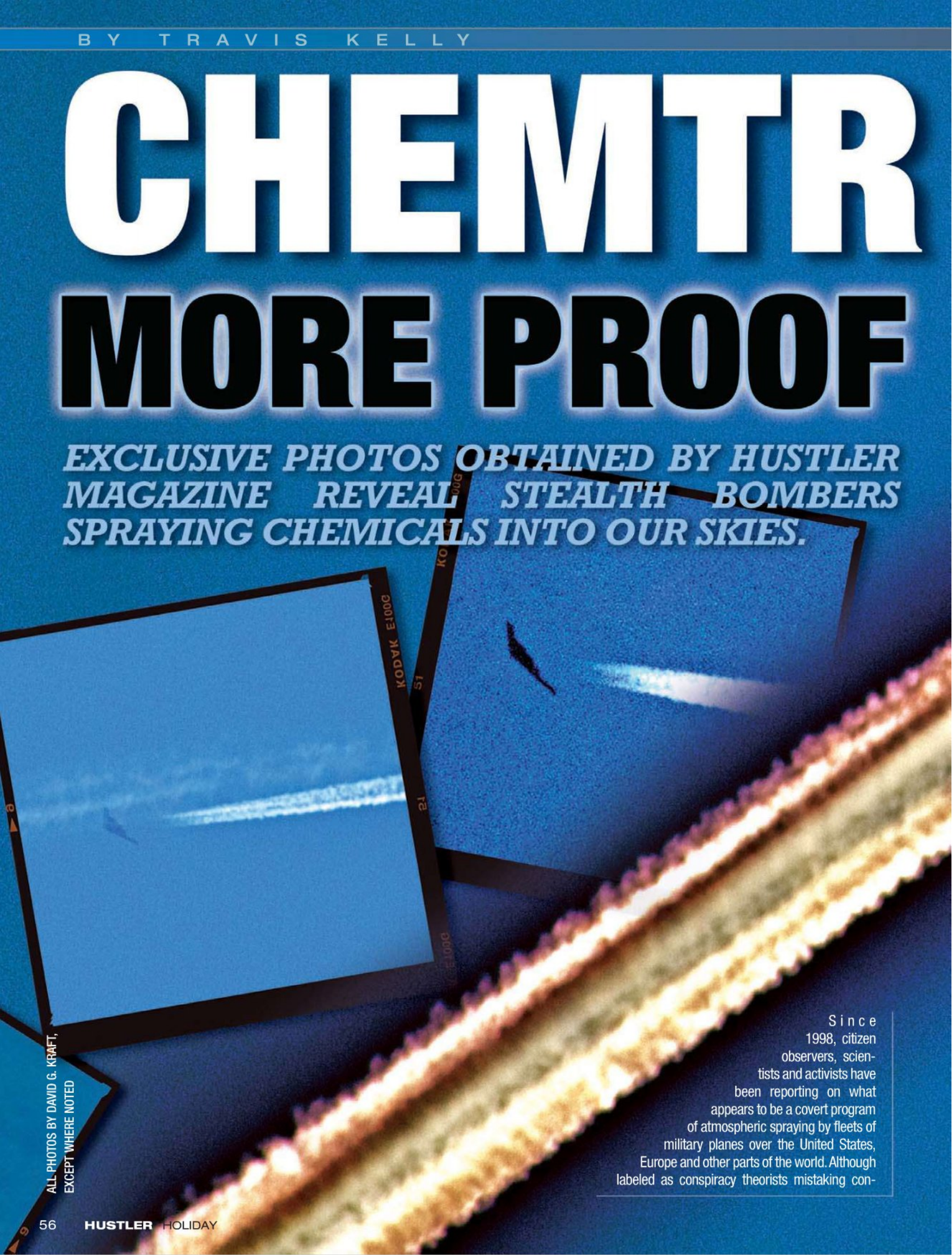
BY TRAVIS KELLY

CHEMTR MORE PROOF

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS OBTAINED BY HUSTLER MAGAZINE REVEAL STEALTH BOMBERS SPRAYING CHEMICALS INTO OUR SKIES.



ALL PHOTOS BY DAVID G. KRAFT, EXCEPT WHERE NOTED

Since 1998, citizen observers, scientists and activists have been reporting on what appears to be a covert program of atmospheric spraying by fleets of military planes over the United States, Europe and other parts of the world. Although labeled as conspiracy theorists mistaking con-

AILS

trails for some secret evil, chemtrail activists have compiled a growing body of evidence and information to support their claims.

Contrails, caused by heated jet engine emissions hitting ice-cold air, persist for only 20 minutes or less, whereas chemtrails often linger from horizon to horizon, spreading out to form artificial cirrus clouds. Also, lab-tested soil and water samples taken on California's Mount Shasta have shown an astounding increase in levels of barium and aluminum oxide in conjunction with chemtrail sightings. KC-10 tanker planes have been seen spraying in grid patterns.

In June 2010 Dave Kraft augmented the already abundant visual evidence when he captured B2 Stealth bombers laying down conspicuous trails over Moab, Utah. "After the three black jets flew out of sight, their trails merged into one large cloud that drifted east with the wind," Kraft recalled.

Two classified military projects are allegedly spraying barium salts in the atmosphere. (Barium enhances the propagation of radar waves.) One is the Navy's Radio Frequency Mission Planner program, which involves the 3-D radar imaging of a battlefield. The second is the High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program (HAARP), which is using an array of microwave antennas in Alaska to heat the ionosphere. (See article that follows.) This was the patented brainchild of the late physicist Bernard J. Eastlund, who proposed releasing large clouds of barium to excite electrical particles in the atmosphere and thus alter weather patterns over a certain region.

Some barium salts are toxic. That these can weaken a person's immune system suggests another, more malign or paranoid reason for the spraying: thinning the herd. Testing such capabilities would not be inconsistent with the Pentagon's long record of conducting biowar and radioactive experiments on unwitting civilian populations both within and outside the United States.

Alternatively, a more benign theory holds that the mysterious spraying is a climate-engineering program to mitigate global warming and ozone depletion. In 1991 the Hughes Aircraft Company obtained a patent for the mitigation of global warming by seeding the stratosphere with metallic aerosols, particularly aluminum oxide. The idea was even publicly encouraged in 1997 by Edward Teller, father of the hydrogen bomb and director emeritus of the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratories. Aluminum has been implicated as a possible cause of Alzheimer's disease.

The truth may be a mixture of some or all these scenarios. One clue is "Weather as a Force Multiplier: Owning the Weather in 2025," an Air Force research paper published in 1996. It proposed studies for modifying weather to enhance military operations. In its ongoing battle with Congress and the Constitution, the Pentagon has often reverted to covert action when the votes have gone against it. That may be the case with chemtrails as a component of weather warfare.

In 2002 Congressman Dennis Kucinich (D-Ohio) introduced H.R. 3616, the Space Preservation Act, which proposed making the atmosphere and outer space, like Antarctica, a weapons-free zone. The initial draft specifically cited "chemtrails," but that was soon rescinded, and the bill eventually died on the vine. Then in 2005 Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison (R-Texas) introduced the Weather Modification Research and Technology Transfer Authorization Act—apparently a move to establish civilian authority over classified programs like the Air Force's "Owning the Weather in 2025" position paper.

It too withered away after a polite letter of censure from John Marburger, director of President George W. Bush's Office of Science and Technology Policy: "The Administration respectfully requests that you defer further consideration of the bill pending the outcome of an interagency discussion of these issues that the Office of Science and Technology Policy (OSTP) would coordinate—with the Department of Justice on legal issues, with the Department of State on foreign policy implications, with the departments of Defense and State on national security implications, and with pertinent research agencies to consider the reasons the U.S. Government previously halted its work in this area."

In keeping with the above gibberish, the assertion that this research was halted is very likely a fig leaf. What stakes could the Justice, Defense and State departments all have in the game? For Justice, a possible epidemic of lawsuits against the federal government by citizens suffering health problems, mostly respiratory, from chemtrail fallout. For Defense, the habitual imperative to keep its empire as thoroughly classified as possible.

(continued on page 166)

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BY HARRY WALSH

HAARP

AMERICA'S SECRET WEAPON?

Something strange is going on in Alaska, and it could destroy the world.

Did our government, using a system called HAARP (High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program), increase the destructive power of Hurricane Katrina and cause the recent earthquake in Haiti? Did the Russians, with their own research projects, kill more than 650,000 in China with a 1976 earthquake? Have American and/or Russian scientists found a way to alter our personalities by influencing brain waves, perhaps causing Gulf War and chronic fatigue syndromes?

PHOTO COURTESY ASSOCIATED PRESS

A lot of conspiracy theorists think at least some, if not all, of the above assertions are true, and their positions are widely covered on the Internet and in at least two books published in the 1990s: *HAARP: The Ultimate Weapon of the Conspiracy* by Jerry E. Smith and *Angels Don't Play This HAARP: Advances in Tesla Technology* by Jeane Manning and Dr. Nick Begich. Together with several other articulate and vocal critics—most notably Dr. Rosalie Bertell, a nun with expertise in environmental health—they form the core of a growing number of anti-HAARP activists who believe that it and similar secret agendas pose a serious threat to the planet.

The main HAARP station, with an array of 180 antennas, is located on an approximately 35-acre site owned by the U.S. Air Force in a remote area near Gakona, Alaska. The high-tech facility, which was completed in 2007 at a cost of $250 million, is funded and managed through the Air Force, the Navy, the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) and the University of Alaska. The prime contractor was BAE Systems, which—according to its Web site—is an "international company engaged in the development, delivery and support of advanced defense and aerospace systems in the air, on land, at sea and in space. … It is at the forefront of innovation, working to develop the next generation of intelligent defense systems."

Meanwhile, HAARP's official Web site (**HAARP.Alaska.edu**) specifies that it "is a scientific endeavor aimed at studying the properties and behavior of the ionosphere, with particular emphasis on being able to understand and use it to enhance communications and surveillance systems for both civilian and defense purposes." The facility basically does things to the ionosphere and sees what happens.

The ionosphere is the source of the northern lights (a/k/a aurora borealis). It affects radio transmissions and also plays an important role in protecting Earth from atomic and subatomic particle bombardments, including solar radiation. The ionosphere is affected by the sun and sensitive to solar flares and other events. It may also significantly influence the lower atmosphere, particularly weather and other events on the surface of Earth.

High-frequency radio waves from HAARP's 180-antenna array are focused on and heat specific areas of the ionosphere. As HAARP's Web site explains, "The effects of this added energy are limited to a small region directly over the HAARP observatory, ranging in size from 9 kilometers in radius to as much as 40 kilometers in radius."

The ionosphere, a very active and delicate environment, is so sensitive to solar energy that it behaves very differently in daylight than it does at night. Author Jerry E. Smith points out that

heating via high-frequency radio waves can actually produce artificial aurora. It is impossible to manipulate a part of it without affecting the entire system.

Should we trust the competency of our military in league with scholars to mess with the ionosphere? And what about trusting their integrity? Are they doing what they say they are doing for the reasons they claim? There is a chorus of naysayers making their objections clearly audible for those who wish to hear.

Many believe that HAARP was devised for defense projects such as intercepting and/or disrupting incoming missiles and providing a solution to the difficulty of communications with deeply submerged submarines.

HAARP's most suspicious critics think it is a cover for the development of the new environment-manipulating superweapons suggested by Dr. Rosalie Bertell and others. Although the HAARP installation takes pains to appear open and decidedly not secret, some serious skeptics believe there may be an additional, supersecret facility nearby, or that HAARP's weaponry aspects might be more subtle and easily disguised since they are so different from conventional weapons.

The 1996 Air Force research paper "Weather as a Force Multiplier: Owning the Weather in 2025"—a speculative war game scenario—is valuable because it reveals the direction of the military's long-term thinking. The paper makes frequent reference to the ionosphere as a "mirror" off which over-the-horizon communications and radar could be bounced. It also mentions ionospheric heating as a technique for controlling the weather and for disrupting enemy communications or enhancing ours. Some mirroring and over-the-horizon activities might also be coupled with "seeding" or scattering material in the lower atmosphere in the form of chemtrails emanating from military jets. But the Air Force paper is most interesting for its core premise that, by manipulating the ionosphere, weather can be controlled and used as a weapon.

HAARP's role in weather control could come in a variety of ways. First, interfering with the ionosphere above a specific city could increase penetration of solar energy and ultimately, by way of one example, affect harvests. HAARP might also be employed to shift jet streams and actually bring about long-term climate changes. Potentially the most important and threatening use of HAARP may be its ability to create extremely low frequency (ELF) waves.

ELF waves have unique powers. They can penetrate dense substances, meaning they could be beneficial for communicating with submarines. They could also be used to locate underground facilities, such as suspected nuclear weapons sites in Iran. Finally, because ELF waves match up nicely with brain waves, they might lend themselves to being part of a

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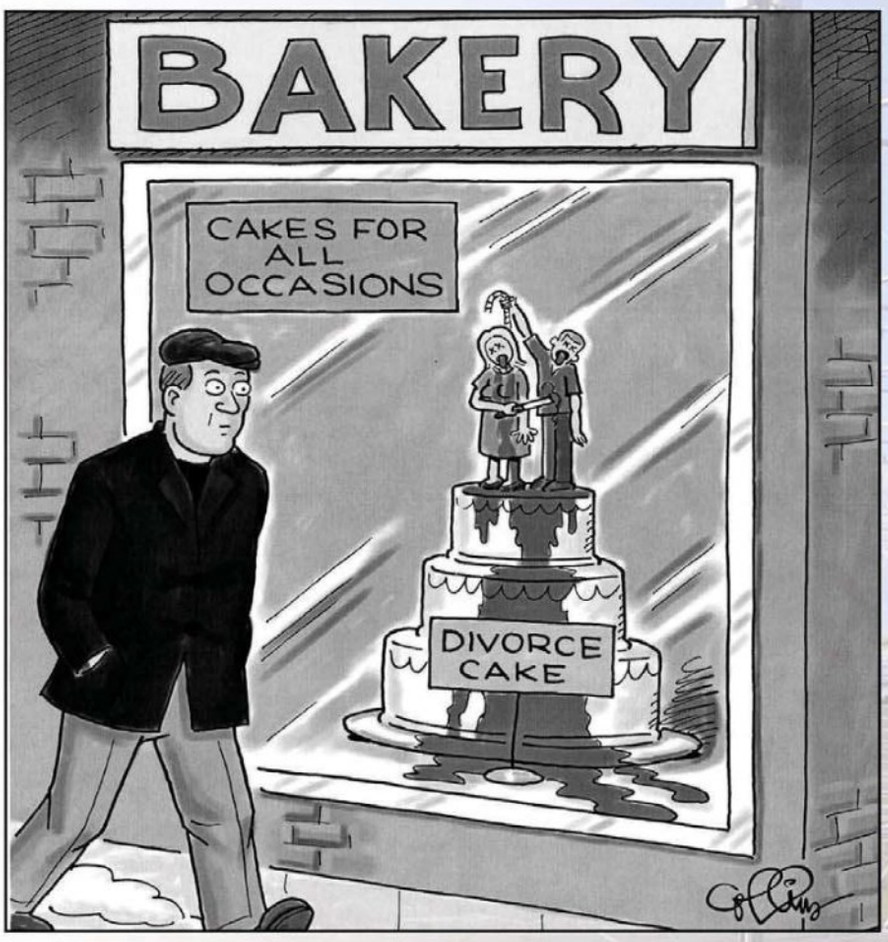
"I won't be home for dinner, dear. I'm making important decisions that will affect the course of world events."



mind control weapons system.

It is well documented that ELF activity in the atmosphere is connected to and may be a harbinger of earthquakes. Easily found on the Internet are numerous observations of suspicious phenomena in the atmosphere that preceded earthquakes. Some believe this is evidence that ELF wave experiments with ground-penetrating imaging devices accidentally induced seismic activity by disturbing a delicate tipping point between tectonic plates, or by generating destructive harmonic resonances or by a combination of both.

Thanks primarily to Nikola Tesla (1856–1943), the possibility of man-made earthquakes is not nearly as farfetched as it might seem. Besides laying the foundation for alternating current electric power systems, the brilliant physicist tinkered with a machine that generated harmonic resonances capable of causing an earthquake. Some say Tesla nearly engineered the collapse of a New York City building while testing the contraption.

MIND CONTROL

The United States and other countries have searched for ways to control the minds of enemies domestic and foreign. Experiments using LSD and other mind-altering drugs have been widely documented, as have uses of sound and other wave interactions with the brain. Using HAARP's ionosphere mirror technology, ELF and other waves could be beamed to select populations, implanting suggestions or altering behavior without anyone's knowledge. This is the real sinister aspect of such weapons.

Most of us do not realize it yet because our awareness lags behind scientific realities, but we have left the age of nuclear weapons behind. The military has moved on to far more sophisticated weapons systems. It is likely that HAARP is a part of that new frontier.

WOW AND OOPS

Ever hear of chaos theory? It's famously explained by the butterfly effect. That is, a butterfly flapping its wings in China could set off a sequence of events that ends with a storm along the coast of North Carolina. The point is that everything is connected and that any tinkering with the ionosphere, no matter how cautious and professionally executed, could have unforeseen consequences. Some have speculated it could capsize Earth by reversing the magnetic poles.

Let's call this the Oops Factor. *Oops* as in "Oops, we created a hurricane!" or "Oops, we reversed the magnetic poles!" (or set off a reaction that annihilated the ionosphere or ozone layer) or "Oops, we generated an earthquake that flattened Boston." Or, mindful of Tesla's wizardry, "Oops, harmonic resonances split Earth in half!"

Are the "wows" worth the danger of the "oops"? Not likely. Can we trust the military? Also not likely. That means we must be grateful for those brave, skeptical souls out there on the fringes who are doing the questioning, enduring the mockery and pressing onward for the truth about HAARP and other government projects.

Harry Walsh writes about technology and an assortment of topics, usually offbeat. The onetime ocean-going tugboat captain, who has taught English at two universities and a college, lives in the woods of Marshalls Creek, Pennsylvania, with a gorgeous wife and three big dogs.

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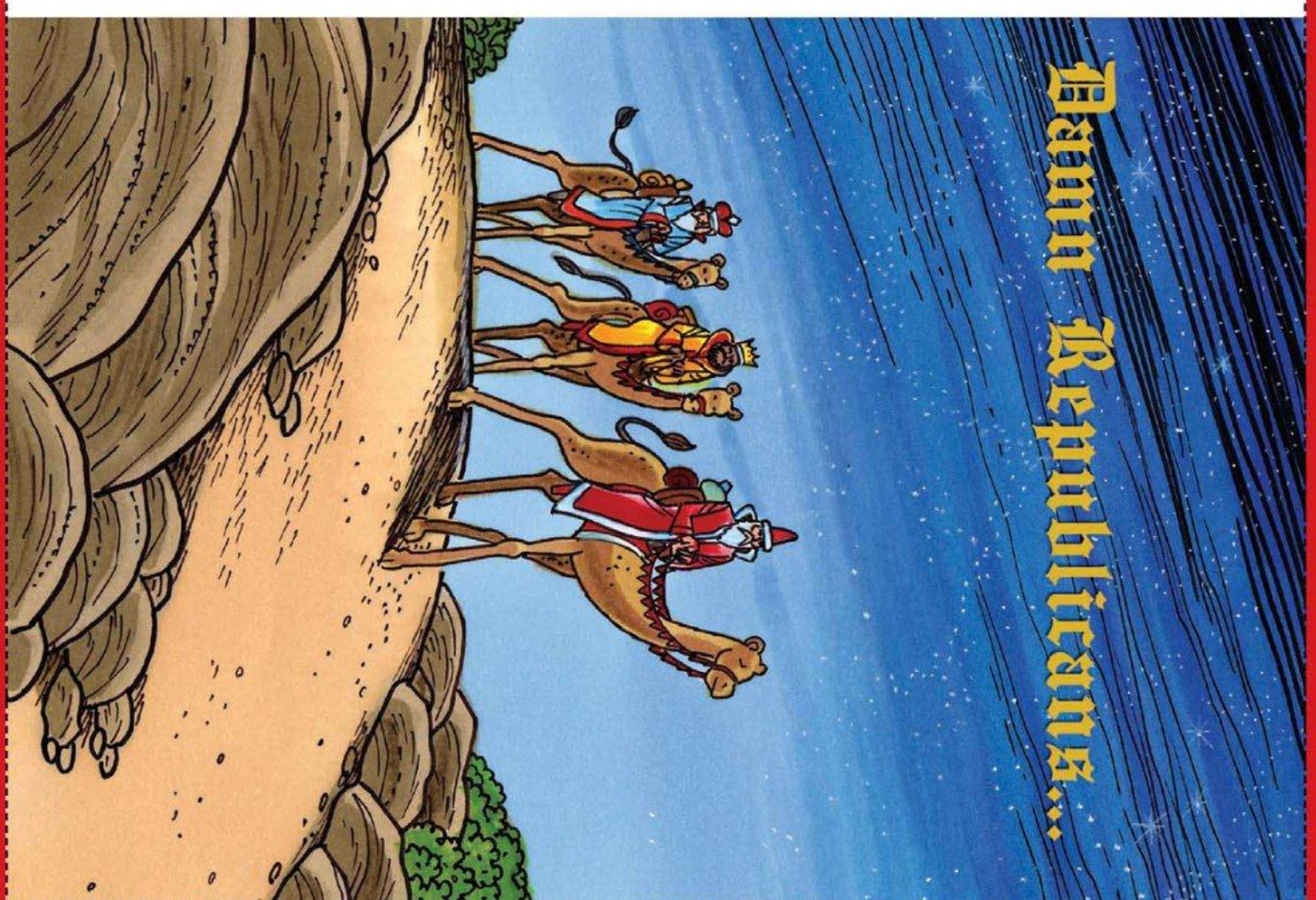

Be the envy of all your friends with this cool 'n' offensive holiday message. Simply cut along the dotted line, write in your personalized greeting, sign, fold and mail. Easy! Hey, send out a few. Piss off your conservative friends. Make more enemies!

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THEY WANT TO SEE A BIRTH CERTIFICATE...
Crosley

TEACHER'S PET

HEATHER STARLET & CHARLES DERA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

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Heather Starlet, who's majoring in orgasmic chemistry at F.U., has an edge over her classmates: She's receiving private tutelage from esteemed Professor Charles Dera. First she's assigned a handful of books, including the classic tome *Latin Clitoral Fingering*. **Heather**, a quick learner, is well-prepared for the oral exam, where—much to her mentor's surprise—she educates him!

Next, Professor Dera uses his "power point" to instruct **Heather** on the science of biological imperatives. He wants her not only to be book smart but also dick smart.

Heather finally gets to try out what she's pored over while pulling many an all-nighter. Her reading list includes *Boning in Mesopotamia, Exploring the Fertile Crescent* and *The History of Queefing.*

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Looking ahead to midterms, the good professor familiarizes **Heather** with Greco-Roman orgy techniques, such as 69 and the daisy chain.

For her final exam she'll be practicing what's outlined in *Anal Sex Among the Ancient Greeks*. It looks like **Heather** is going to graduate from F.U. summa cum laude.

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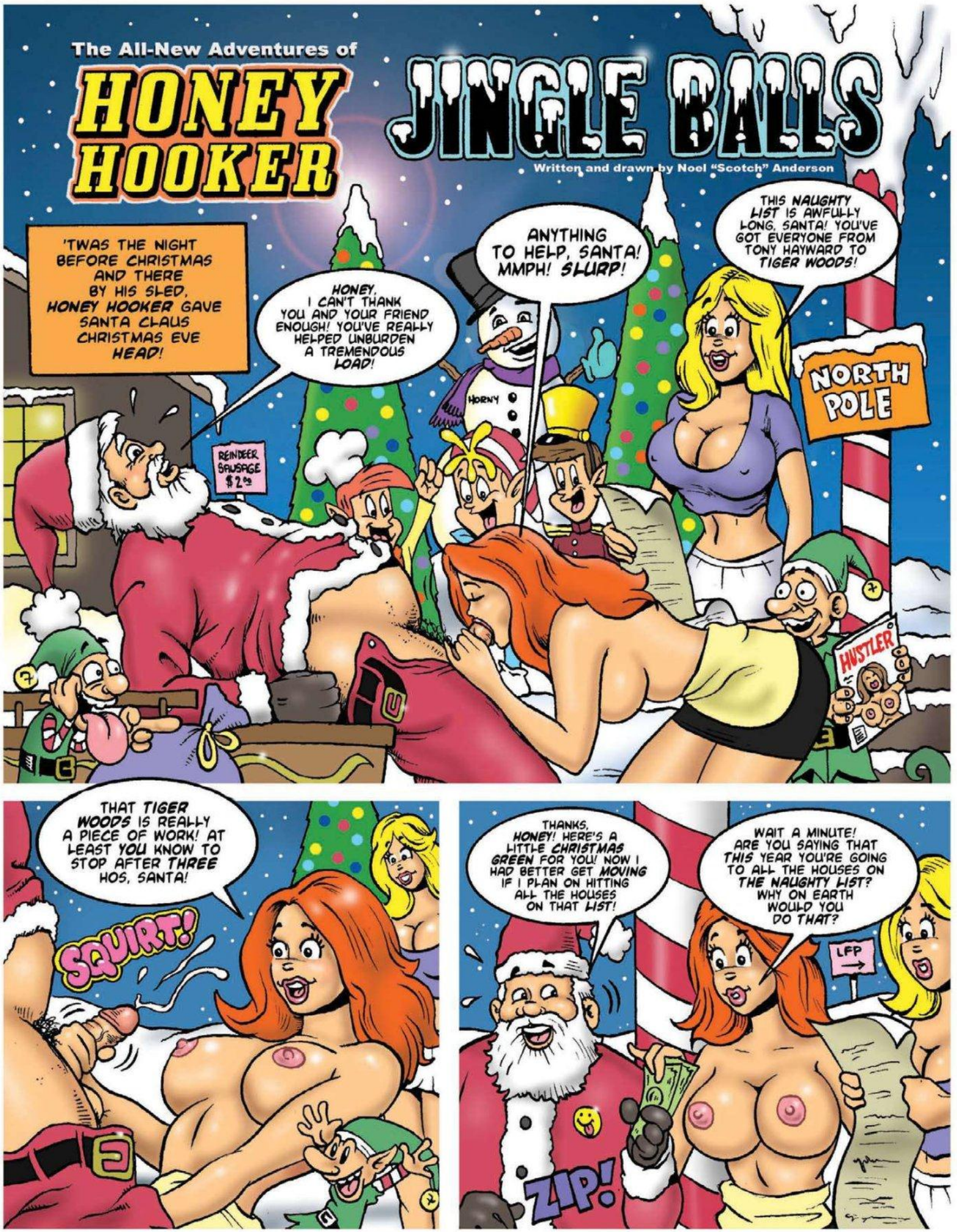
The All-New Adventures of
HONEY HOOKER
JINGLE BALLS
Written and drawn by Noel "Scotch" Anderson
'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND THERE BY HIS SLED, HONEY HOOKER GAVE SANTA CLAUS CHRISTMAS EVE HEAD!
HONEY, I CAN'T THANK YOU AND YOUR FRIEND ENOUGH! YOU'VE REALLY HELPED UNBURDEN A TREMENDOUS LOAD!
ANYTHING TO HELP, SANTA! MMPH! SLURP!
THIS NAUGHTY LIST IS AWFULLY LONG, SANTA! YOU'VE GOT EVERYONE FROM TONY HAYWARD TO TIGER WOODS!
NORTH POLE
REINDEER SAUSAGE $2.95
HORNY
HUSTLER
THAT TIGER WOODS IS REALLY A PIECE OF WORK! AT LEAST YOU KNOW TO STOP AFTER THREE HOS, SANTA!
SQUIRT!
THANKS, HONEY! HERE'S A LITTLE CHRISTMAS GREEN FOR YOU! NOW I HAD BETTER GET MOVING IF I PLAN ON HITTING ALL THE HOUSES ON THAT LIST!
WAIT A MINUTE! ARE YOU SAYING THAT THIS YEAR YOU'RE GOING TO ALL THE HOUSES ON THE NAUGHTY LIST? WHY ON EARTH WOULD YOU DO THAT?
LFP
ZIP!

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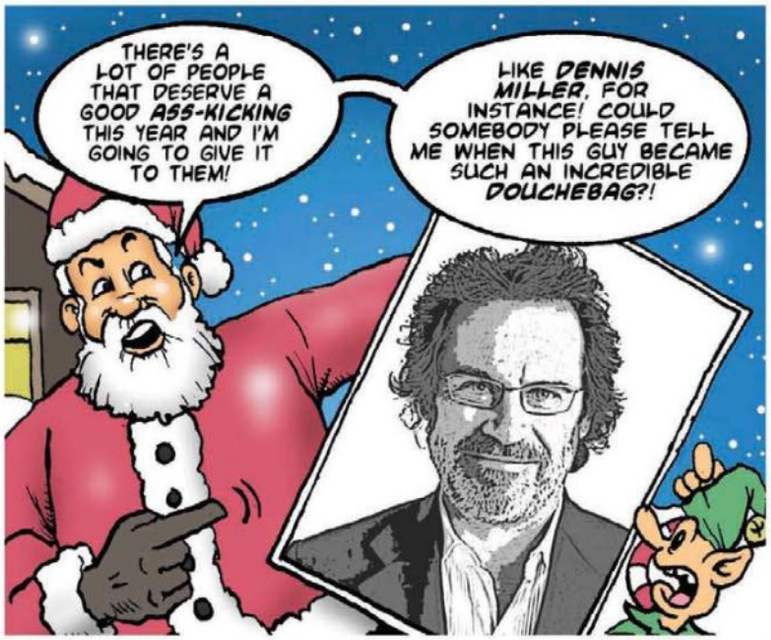
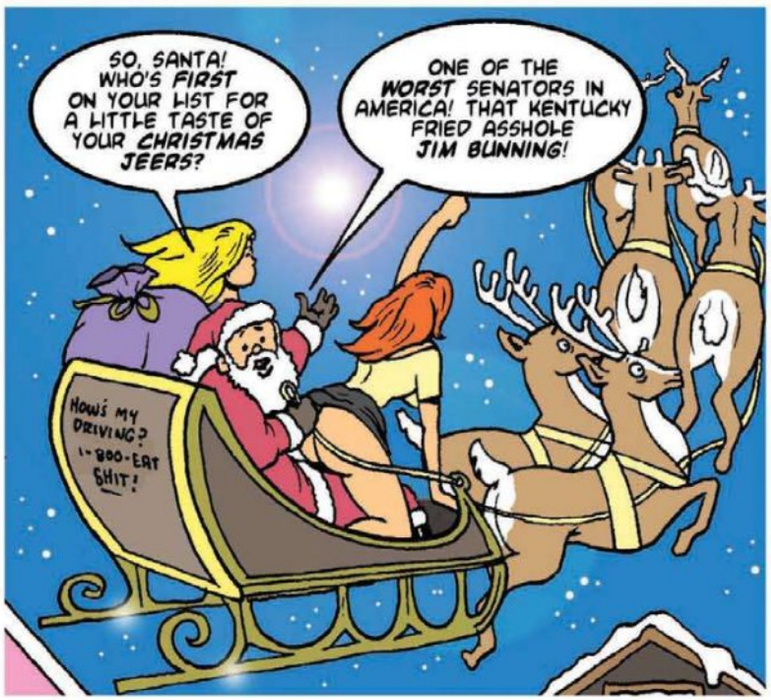
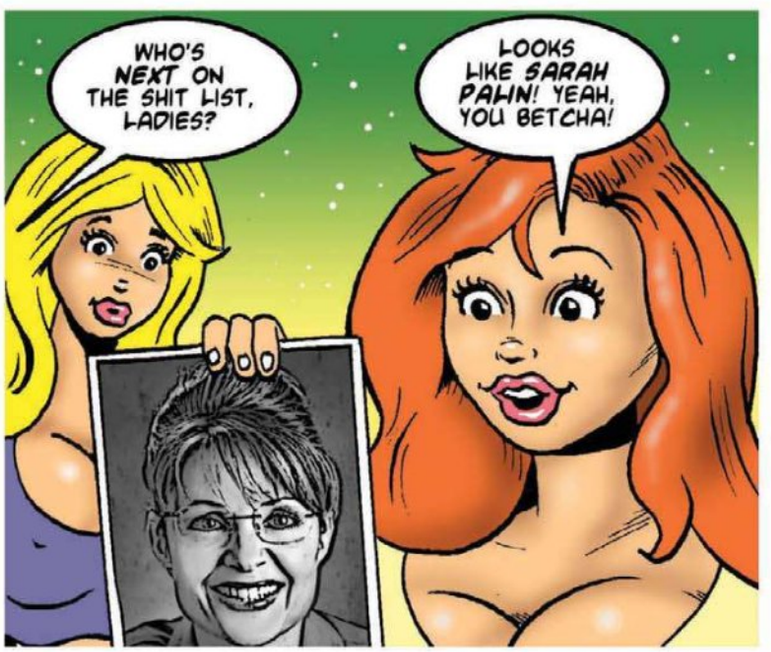

THERE'S A LOT OF PEOPLE THAT DESERVE A GOOD ASS-KICKING THIS YEAR AND I'M GOING TO GIVE IT TO THEM!
LIKE DENNIS MILLER, FOR INSTANCE! COULD SOMEBODY PLEASE TELL ME WHEN THIS GUY BECAME SUCH AN INCREDIBLE DOUCHEBAG?!

THAT SOUNDS FUN, SANTA! CAN WE COME?
NOW BOARDING THE BI-POLAR EXPRESS! ALL ABOARD!
SURE! YOU MADE ME COME, SO IT'S ONLY FAIR!
NOW BOARDING


SO, SANTA! WHO'S FIRST ON YOUR LIST FOR A LITTLE TASTE OF YOUR CHRISTMAS JEERS?
ONE OF THE WORST SENATORS IN AMERICA! THAT KENTUCKY FRIED ASSHOLE JIM BUNNING!
HOW'S MY DRIVING? I-800-EAT SHIT!

ISN'T HE THE PRICK WHO FILIBUSTERED TO BLOCK THE SENATE FROM EXTENDING UNEMPLOYMENT BENEFITS? THAT GUY IS A REAL NUTJOB!
HE SURE IS, HONEY! AND HERE'S WHAT HE GETS THIS YEAR! YOU TOOK A SHIT ON THE LITTLE GUY, BUNNING! NOW I'M TAKING A SHIT ON YOU!
GO SANTA
BLAT


WHO'S NEXT ON THE SHIT LIST, LADIES?
LOOKS LIKE SARAH PALIN! YEAH, YOU BETCHA!

I THINK WE MIGHT NEED A LITTLE SOMETHING EXTRA SPECIAL FOR THAT BITCH! COULD YOU HELP A BROTHER OUT, BLITZEN?
IT WOULD BE MY PLEASURE! IN FACT, I JUST HAD A PRUNE SMOOTHIE BEFORE WE LEFT!

OH, BOY! SARAH PALIN IS GONNA SHIT WHEN SHE FIGURES OUT THAT IT'S SHIT!
IT'S LIT! RING THE DOORBELL AND RUN!
THE PALINS
LEAPING LIZARDS, TODD! IT'S ANOTHER ONE OF THEM FLAMING BAGS AGAIN!
WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T PUT IT OUT WITH YOUR PUMPS, SARAH!
DON'T TELL ME MY BUSINESS, TODD! I WAS THE GOVERNOR OF ALASKA FOR CHRISSAKE!
STOMP!
SQUISH!
HA HA! THAT WAS AWESOME! THIS IS THE GREATEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE!
JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE WHAT WE DO TO TONY HAYWARD!
GOSH! I SURE DO WISH THE FORMER CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF BP WOULD COME OUT HERE AND GIVE ME A GOOD, HARD FUCKING!
JOLLY GOOD!
JUST A CHRISTMAS GIFT FROM ALL OF THE FAMILIES AND BUSINESSES HURT BY ONE OF THE WORST OIL SPILLS IN HISTORY!
SPLOSH!
EGADS! NOW THIS SUCKS!
OILS WELL THAT ENDS WELL, YOU LIMEY BASTARD!
I JUST WANT TO HAVE MY LIFE BACK!
OIL
END

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BY MICHELLE MCCARTHY

NAME:
Trish Danieli

AGE: 25

STATUS: SINGLE

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 8,948

LOCATION: SAN FRANCISCO

URL: MYSPACE.COM/TRISHONTHEBEACH87

Originally from Chicago, Trish Danieli was raised in a very conservative family, Catholic school and all, so she couldn't wait to cut loose and have some real fun. To say the least, the up-and-coming model's post-cloistered life has hardly been dull. She's racked up an arousing list of sexual escapades topped by multiple threesomes, anal sex on a tour bus and naughty relations "in a filthy women's bathroom in Germany."

Oh, and there was a decibel-shattering escapade to boot. "One summer night my friend and I met some ballplayers from Kansas City," Trish friskily recalls. "My date was 6-10 and had a huge, um, personality. He was staying in a hotel room with a teammate who was trying to sleep on the bed next to us and kept yelling for us to be quiet. Well, by the time the two of us were finally done, my friend and her date were knocking on the door, telling us that they could hear me several rooms down the hall!"

In addition to being rather talented in the impromptu vocal department, this San Francisco treat is also quite musically oriented. Trish moonlights as a singer, songwriter and pianist specializing in R&B, soul and gospel. Make sure you check out her impressive, classically flavored piano solo on her MySpace page.

Talent aside, however, Ms. Danieli still admits to being, on the whole, an erotically dynamic young lady. "Sexually speaking, I'm unpredictable and submissive," she admits. "I want to be a man's ultimate fantasy. I also dream of playful, PDA-filled romance. To me, it's all about excitement and passion."

PHOTOS BY MATT ROBINSON

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE #46

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or e-mail ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK

BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

PHOTOS BY HUSBAND

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Facebook? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

SCREEN NAME:

Daisy Duxe

AGE: 29

LOCATION: VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

NUMBER OF FACEBOOK FRIENDS: 1,460

Long-time readers may recognize this unbashful eye-catcher who rigorously lives up to her mantra "Southern girls are the most fun!" Kissing her old 9-to-5 office job goodbye, Daisy Duxe first gained skin-biz fame as a *Beaver Hunt* delight in our Holiday '04 issue. "HUSTLER is the best XXX magazine on the stands," roars the "tigerific and bubbly" networking buff. "I'm excited about being a Facebook Girl, but being a 24/7 brainstormer, I'd also love to be HUSTLER's very first Girls of Twitter model. I tweet in public on a regular basis!"

But nimble-fingered Daisy can be downright brazen amid the populace. "I was naked in front of a sandwich shop in Florida once," the 5-foot-6 jezebel recalls. "The girl behind the counter glanced up at me and went right back to making a sandwich as if she sees naked people on the sidewalk every day. On the other hand, some lady eating in the place got really pissed and came out yelling at me."

Daisy is known to do some hellacious yelling as well. "I enjoy any sexual position where I can have a climb-the-walls orgasm," the workout and motorcycling aficionada fesses. So no matter how she's riding the saddle, these words ring true: " I love having a powerful machine between my legs."

Also a fan of firemen, gorgeous women, the University of Georgia's football team, singer Michael Buble and "anything on TLC or the Discovery Channel," Daisy owns up, "I think Mike [Rowe] from *Dirty Jobs*, is hot, and I'd like to have sex with him!" The bestower of "mind-blowing blowjobs" also has a not-so-dirty fantasy: "I want to be naked in a Christmas globe. The snow blowing around would feel good!"

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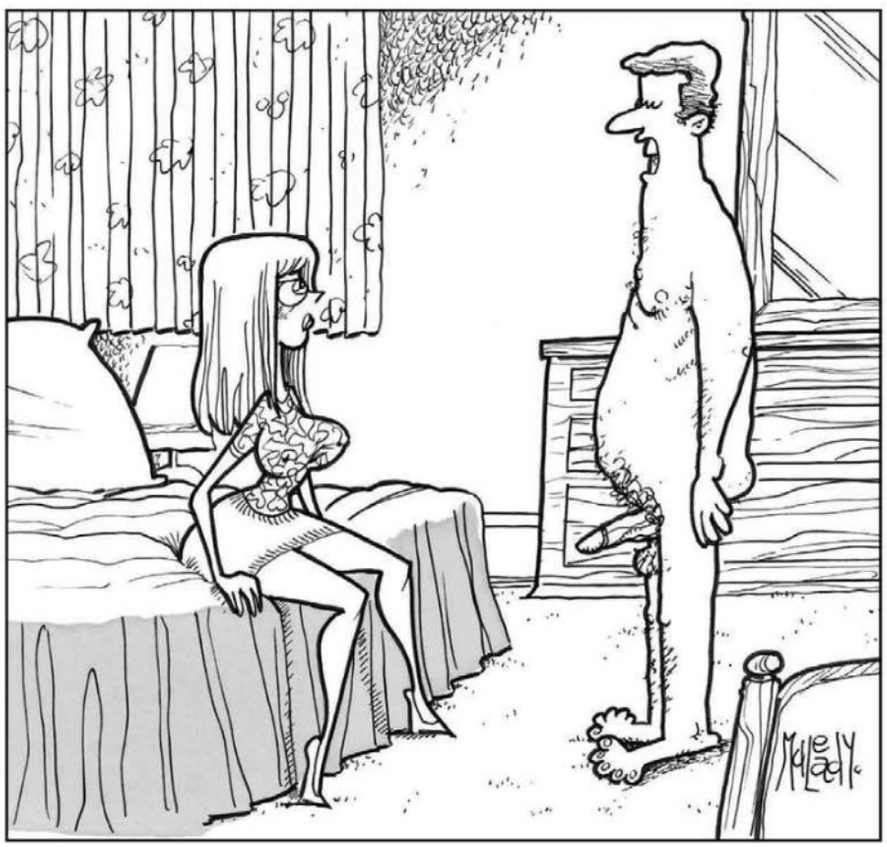
(continued from page 46)

out that I can barely keep my eyes on the constant parade of masks, capes, face paint and wigs. I do manage to notice one guy passing by. He's dressed up as "The Dude" from *The Big Lebowski*, my favorite film.

Now thoroughly spent, Chris, Jon and I head north to their mother's house in Independence, Louisiana, about an hour away. Chris and I grew up together in New Jersey, so a reunion with his mom, a home-cooked meal and some peace and quiet sounds like a plan. After Chris's mom whips us up some gumbo and sausage that rivals anything we ate in the French Quarter, I sleep for nine hours solid.

The next day I board a plane headed back to Southern California. An attractive blonde takes the seat next to me, and in her hand are two plastic spears, just like the one Jon caught at the parade on Canal Street. I immediately strike up a conversation, and we trade Mardi Gras war stories—the ones we can remember, anyway. I can hardly wait till next year.

After graduating from the University of Southern California, Eric Althoff served as HUSTLER's copy editor for four years. Originally from Readington Township, New Jersey, he is an avid fan of stand-up comedy, video games, his alma mater's football team—the Trojans—and the NHL's New Jersey Devils.



"I don't mind you not sucking my dick if you don't mind me not paying your rent, utilities, car payment, dry cleaning, health insurance..."

TRULY GIFTED

BREANNE BENSON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

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Breanne Benson is looking forward to going home for the holidays. Like the rest of us, the twentysomething will eat, drink and avoid talking about what she does for a living.

"My parents found out I did porn at one point and made me quit," **Breanne** says. "But I started doing it again last year. We just don't talk about it. It's one of those things where they know, but they haven't said they know—but they know."

That's probably for the best. **Breanne**, who once limited herself to solo and girl/girl scenes, is now on a steady diet of hard cock. "Things have changed since '03," she explains. "There isn't as much print work now. It's mostly all Internet stuff."

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Not surprisingly, **Breanne** was thrilled with the opportunity to pose for HUSTLER. "It was really fun!" she exclaims. "I loved being in the box. It was such a cute idea." The ravishing vixen also hit it off with her photographer, or so she thought.

BREANNE BENSON'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Temecula, California | AGE: 26 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 105

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"He called me 'Strudel,' which I thought was really sweet," recalls **Breanne**, who was born in Albania. "Until I found out he sometimes doesn't remember models' names and just calls them 'Strudel'!" Don't feel bad, **Breanne**. We'd forget our *own* names if we had you on all fours.

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"I've been naughty, Santa!"
XOXO
Breanne
HUSTLER
HONEY
HOLIDAY 2010
CALL 1-800-555-PINK
CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER. COST $3.99/MINUTE.

"I've been naughty, Santa!"
XOXO
Breanne

Jimmy desperately wanted a sibling to play with, so the ten-year-old sent a letter to Santa Claus: "Dear Santa. Send me a brother."

Santa wrote back, "Dear Jimmy. Send me your mother."

Trying to work out some problems around the holidays, a husband and wife went to a marriage counselor. After the bickering couple sat down on a couch, the counselor said, "Let's begin by discussing what both of you have in common."

The husband snapped, "Well, for starters, ma'am, neither of us sucks dick!"

Question: What do you call a sleigh full of dildos and vibrators?

Answer: Saint Nick's toys for twats.

City-slicker Sam was hunting in Montana when he dropped his shotgun, and it discharged, blasting him in the groin. Several hours later, lying in a hospital bed, he was visited by a doctor, who announced, "The good news is that we were able to remove all the buckshot. You're going to be okay."

"So what's the bad news, Doc?" Sam asked.

"The buckshot left quite a few gaping holes in your penis," the doctor informed him. "I'm going to have to refer you to my sister."

"Is she a plastic surgeon?"

"No, Sam," the doctor answered. "My sister is a flute player in the Big Sky Symphony Orchestra. She's going to teach you where to put your fingers so you don't piss in your eye."

About to land a jumbo jet, the captain got on the intercom and thanked the passengers for flying with him and his crew. Accidentally leaving the switch open, he continued talking to the copilot. "Man," he said, "I'm gonna take a huge dump, then I'm gonna take that new stewardess with the big tits out to dinner. Then we're going to the hotel and fuck all night!"

The passengers began to look around the cabin, trying to figure out which stewardess had the biggest knockers. Meanwhile, the chesty girl in question—who was extremely embarrassed—rushed up the aisle to tell the captain to turn the intercom off. Halfway to the cockpit, she tripped and fell on her pretty face.

A little old lady leaned over and snickered, "No need to hurry, dearie. The captain's gotta take a shit first."

HUSTLER Workplace Wisdom: To err is human. To blame it on someone else shows management potential.

Jim's wife, who hardly ever put out, said she was horny, so he suggested, "Let's do 68, honey."

"What the hell is 68?!" the missus wanted to know.

"You give me some head, and I'll owe you one."

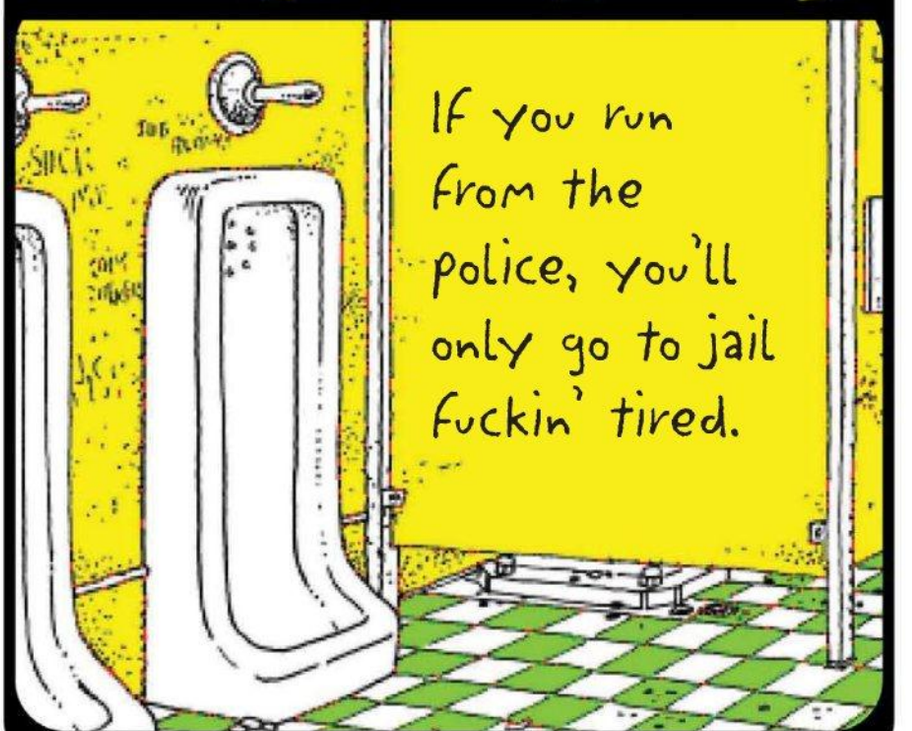
Question: What did the blind guy say as he walked by an open-air fish market?

Answer: "Hello, ladies."

Bert applied for a building permit so his company could erect a new house. It was going to be 60-feet tall and 400-feet wide with nine gun turrets at various locations, a high-tech entertainment system and a parking lot for 200 cars. The house would also be painted snot green with pink trim. The City Council unanimously denied his request.

Bert waited a month before resubmitting the application, but this time he noted that the planned structure would be a mosque. Work starts on Monday.

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Ollie B.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

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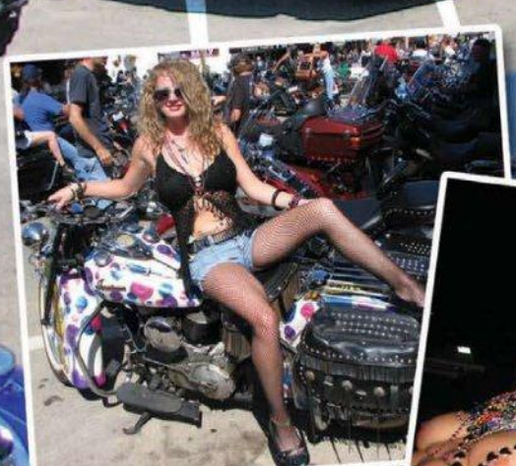
Charley's health isn't what it used to be, but his mind is still active.

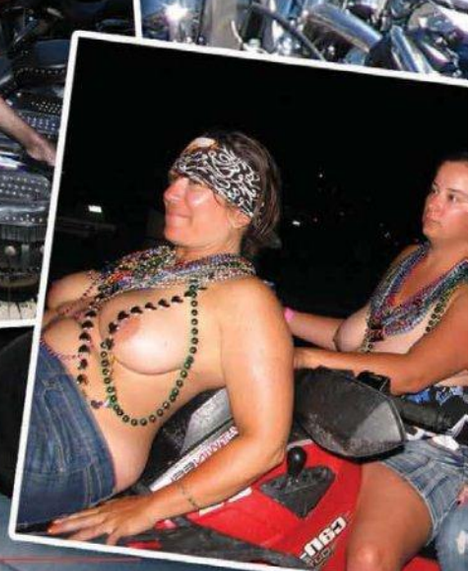
BY ANTHONY PETKOVICH

STURGIS

Born To Be Wild!

HARLEYS, HELLRAISERS & HOTTIES FUEL THE MAD MACHINATIONS AT THE ICONIC MOTORCYCLE RALLY!





PHOTOS BY BOB MACKEY

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HUSTLER

A rip-roarin' good time was had by all! And why not? It's where Mardi Gras meets *Motorcycle Mania*. Where the beer feeds the revelry as much as gas feeds the chrome-plated hogs. No shortage whatsoever either of beads, babes and yes, boobs! Welcome to the 70th Annual Sturgis Motorcycle Rally in the Black Hills of South Dakota.

For seven days this past August, the population of Sturgis swelled from a cozy 6,500 to a staggering 600,000-plus. Wow! Now that's a lotta Bud guzzlers! And HUSTLER was in the center of the steamy action as our fearless field photographer Bob Mackey captured all the trademark insanity.

During the week, aside from numerous motorcycle races and other events, there were leisurely riding tours of the Black Hills. As the sun blazed high in the sky, scores of bikes breezed through the picturesque locale en route to such Kodak-moment spots as Mount Rushmore, Crazy Horse Memorial, Devils Tower, Needles Highway, Custer State Park, Deadwood and Spearfish Canyon. Meanwhile, HUSTLER was giving away ice-cold bottled water to parched souls in dire need of refreshment, and bikini bike washes were strategically located throughout the landscape.

But when the sun went down...look out! Like something out of *Road Warrior*, wild parties erupted around fire-illuminated campgrounds. Girls were definitely earning their beads, proudly showing what their mamas gave 'em. As raucous bikers popped wheelies, the more exhibitionistic cuties got totally nude in far-from-private outdoor hot tubs or twirled around portable stripper poles. A true decadent like Caligula would have been right at home—no doubt gladly exchanging his prized horse Incitatus for a tricked-out Harley.

But let's not forget downtown Sturgis itself! Throughout the week, motorcycles were parked on both sides of Main Street, with two additional rows down the middle. Whew! The scene was understandably intimidating to your average pedestrian. (Whatever you do, dude, don't knock over one of those bikes!) There were also numerous fashion shows—chock-full of sexy young lassies—as well as all-American wet T-shirt contests, which really got many a biker's motor runnin'!

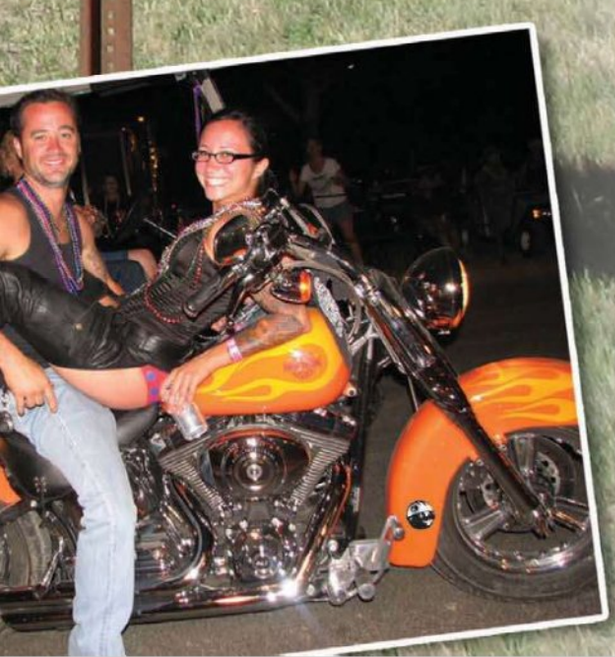
Great music was hardly in any shortage either. The Buffalo Chip Arena was concert heaven as ZZ Top, Mötley Crüe, Ozzy Osbourne, Buckcherry and the Scorpions electrified rowdy crowds. Even Bob

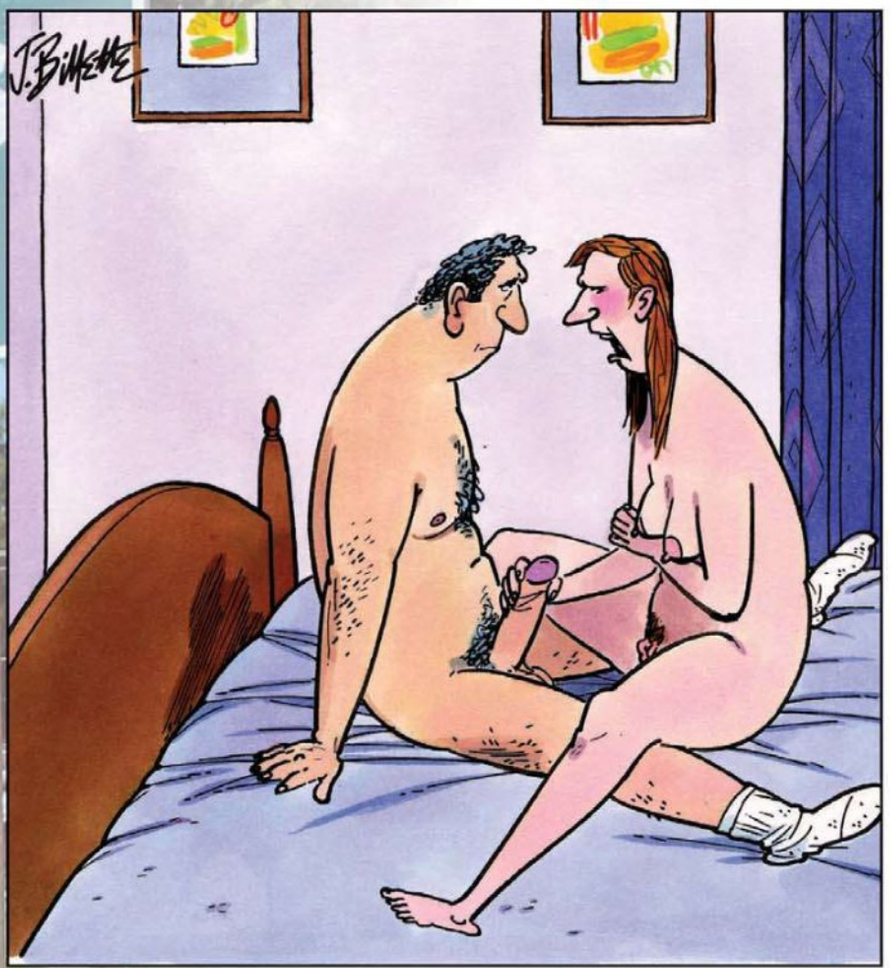
Dylan performed! And former Poison singer and *Rock of Love* star Bret Michaels could be heard at the Full Throttle Saloon, while over at the Rock 'N Rev Festival—presented by Monkey Rock USA—the stage was understandably shakin' with such choice acts as Guns N' Roses, Alice in Chains, Stone Temple Pilots and Godsmack.

Finally, let's not forget good ol' Pee-wee Herman, who orchestrated the World's Largest Tequila Dance at the Buffalo Chip. Pee-wee also served as a Miss Buffalo Chip Beauty Contest celebrity judge.

Once again, the world's biggest biker rally most definitely lived up to its wild reputation.

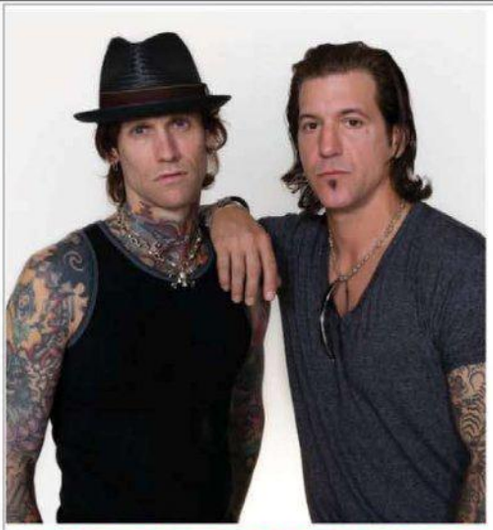
For info on the 2011 gathering, blast on over to **Sturgis.com**.





"Warn me this time! Cuz if you shoot me in my eye again, I'll kill you in your sleep!"

"Of course not, Sandy. I don't think you're 'just another pretty face.' You know, I don't think I've ever *seen* your face!"



BUCKCHERRY

ROCK 'N' ROLL CHRISTMAS

FOR THE PAST 14 YEARS, LOS ANGELES-BASED ROCKERS BUCKCHERRY HAVE BEEN DELIVERING REAL AND RAUNCHY CDS, AS WELL AS BLAZING LIVE SHOWS AROUND THE WORLD. TO MARK THE RELEASE OF *ALL NIGHT LONG,* SINGER JOSH TODD AND GUITARIST KEITH NELSON STOPPED BY HUSTLER TO TALK ABUT WRITING THE PERFECT STRIPPER ANTHEM, SEEING GIRLS GET "AIRTIGHT" AND HOW TO ROCK YOUR HOLIDAYS.

HUSTLER: What is a rock 'n' roll Christmas like?

Keith Nelson: A rock 'n' roll Christmas for us is actually very un-rock 'n' roll. Prior to the holidays we will have been on the road for about 250 days. We're just happy to be home and not in a tour bus somewhere.

What is the best Christmas gift you ever got?

Josh Todd: I got a motorcycle from my grandfather when I was 15.

Keith: Um.

Josh: A blowjob? (*Laughs.*)

Keith: I got a refill on my Valtrex prescription. (*Laughs.*)

Josh: I wonder if I've ever actually gotten laid on Christmas. Seems like you're so caught up in the gifts and all that shit.

Keith: Two years ago I got a stuffed and mounted animal head. It's hanging in my house. It's a gemsbok. It looks like a deer and has those really long antlers.

Besides the Valtrex refill, what's the worst gift you ever got?

Keith: A hangover, but I gave that to myself.

Are you scared of elves?

Keith: I'm not going to lie. I like a female elf.

Josh: Then she could give you head while she's standing up?

Have you ever had sex with a female elf?

Keith: No, but in my mind I've had the female elf.

You guys have written some of the best stripper anthems. What's your secret?

Keith: It starts with a beat.

Josh: You gotta have a good beat because you want those titties to bounce. Then add a signature rock 'n' roll guitar riff.

Keith: The perfect lyric ties it all together. Because "Crazy Bitch" wouldn't have worked without *crazy bitch*. "Slightly Off Bitch" probably wouldn't have worked so well.

Tell us about recording *All Night Long*?

Keith: We wrote a few songs and then quickly convened to my home studio, which made for a more relaxed vibe. Normally we would write for three to four months and then go into a studio and knock the record out in two to three weeks. This time we did the opposite. We wrote for a month and just recorded at our leisure.

Josh: We just want to make a great record from beginning to end. This was more laid-back and not being under the gun with budgets and such. So we got to take our time, and I think that's reflected in the songwriting.

The track "Our World" showcases the sensitive side, if you will, of Buckcherry. How do you balance both sides of the band?

Keith: I think part of that is we are getting older and have families. Things that happen in the world are more on our radar now. When we were in our 20s, there were very few things on our radar. The world wasn't one of them. (*Laughs.*) We're still the feisty, fucked-up teenagers we were, but the years make you think about the world.

Josh: We like to express it all on a record. "Our World" is not the whole record. It's just one song. Same thing with "All Night Long" and "It's a Party." We get labeled as a "party band," and there is so much more to it.

Josh, we know you're a married man, so Keith will have to answer this one. Groupie stories?

Keith: I've seen mag flashlights disappear into women. I've seen girls get watertight and airtight, if you know what I'm saying. Because all the holes were filled.

Josh: We had a band tech who got his dick sucked onstage right behind the PA. We had two of our fans start fucking on top of our merchandise boxes during the show.

Did that bring the cost of the T-shirts up or down?

Josh: I think up because they were soiled at that point. ■

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

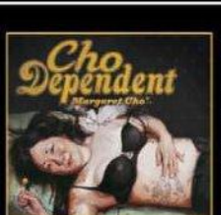
THE DIRTY

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

SHELBY LYNNE
Merry Christmas
Brokenhearted country crooner Shelby Lynne doesn't just sing a song. She coats it in raw emotion and lets it flow from her soul. No surprise that on this, her first holiday CD, she makes even the most overworn Yuletide tunes seem real and fresh

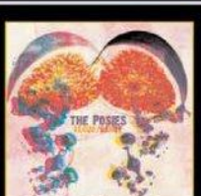
DAVID ARKENSTONE
Christmas Lounge
This chill-out collection of super-loungey instrumentals is the perfect soundtrack for your *Mad Men*-themed holiday party. It's both old-school and futuristic at the same time and, unlike most seasonal releases, won't make you want to kill your relatives.

OMD
History of Modern
The gods of 1980s electro pop return with their first CD in 14 years! The full lineup (all four original members) is regrouped and recharged on this synth-packed triumph.



MARGARET CHO
Cho Dependent
We love a dirty girl, and comic Margaret Cho is the dirtiest. Her new CD is not what you'd expect: It's a musical affair! Cho teams up with Andrew Bird, Brendan Benson, Fiona Apple and other pals for a batch of ditties about sex.

WEEZER
Hurley
The nerd rock rulers love the fat guy from *Lost*. They dig him so much that they've dedicated their new CD to him and put his picture on the cover. *Hurley* is another brilliant collection of straight-ahead musical gems.



THE POSIES
Blood/Candy
The true princes of power pop return after a half-decade absence with a disc of sonic genius. The Posies craft songs in the vein of 1970s AM radio gold, full of provocative lyrics and the most melodic of hooks.

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DOZEN

PUPPINI SISTERS
Christmas With the Puppini Sisters

You need to buy this CD for the cover alone! Beyond that, the Puppini Sisters sing like girls groups of a time gone by. Think the Andrews Sisters with a modern feel. The trio of hotties' holiday CD is loaded with their clever, quirky versions of Christmas classics.

THE BLACK CROWES
Croweology

As one of rock's greatest bands embark on another indefinite hiatus, they leave behind this outstanding two-CD live acoustic set of their best tracks. The stripped-down beauty of these familiar hits will make you appreciate the Crowes all over again. Highlights include "Jealous Again" and "Remedy."

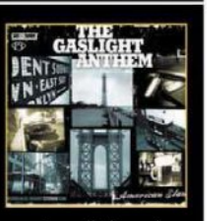
THE DANCE PARTY
Touch

The ill-named rock outfit from Washington, D.C., may tread ground already broken by The Killers, but The Dance Party do it well. This CD is a perfect piece of retro dance mixed with alternative rock.

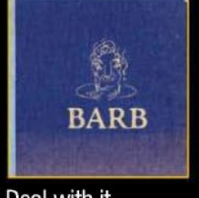
SOUNDGARDEN
Telephantasm

Smack dab in the middle of a wave of '90s nostalgia, the grunge era's best band emerges with an explosive disc containing five new tracks and a selection of its best-known songs. Welcome back, Chris and cohorts. Please stay around longer this time.

THE GASLIGHT ANTHEM
American Slang



Not since Bruce Springsteen's *Born to Run* has a band delivered such a flawless album of American rock. This album is the benchmark for what all groups' third albums should sound like. We'll even go so far as to call *American Slang* the best CD of 2010.



BARB
BARB

New Zealand's favorite son, a/k/a one-man band Liam Finn, teams up with some of his buds for this jaunty disc of oddball alternative pop rock. That's right, we said "jaunty." Deal with it.

FLASHBACK FAVES
DAVE WAKELING
THE (ENGLISH) BEAT GOES ON

LIGHTNING DOESN'T STRIKE TWICE, BUT IT DID FOR SINGER/SONGWRITER DAVE WAKELING. HE HAD TWO VASTLY SUCCESSFUL BANDS THAT RELEASED A SLEW OF THE 1980S' BIGGEST HITS, STARTING WITH THE TWO TONE SKA OUTFIT THE ENGLISH BEAT ("I CONFESS," "SAVE IT FOR LATER," "MIRROR IN THE BATHROOM") AND CONTINUING WITH POP MAESTROS GENERAL PUBLIC ("TENDERNESS"). DECADES LATER, WAKELING STILL TOURS REVAMPED VERSIONS OF BOTH GROUPS AND EVEN HAS PLANS TO RECORD THE FIRST NEW ENGLISH BEAT CD IN NEARLY 30 YEARS. WE SAT DOWN WITH HIM BACKSTAGE DURING AN L.A. TOUR STOP WITH FELLOW '80S MASTERS SQUEEZE.

HUSTLER: Are you touring now more than ever?

I am and for two reasons: One, I'm not drunk stupid, so I can do a little bit more without falling over. Two, I've found a way to tour so it's not really that tiring at all. I tour every other month. I am at home here in California during the months in between, and I just work Fridays and Saturdays doing shows locally. It works fantastically. I do about 170 shows a year, and I'm not as tired out from it as I used to be.

Are you having more fun performing now than in the 1980s, and does sobriety help?

I think sobriety is a big part of it. I was only drinking because I was scared. Over the long-term, drinking gives you a slightly depressed view of the world. You're looking on the dark side. You tend to steer your reality that way. Luckily for me the hangovers became unbearable. The hangover was three times as long as the party. I'm better off now. I have a little taste every now and again, and it gives me a rotten headache. Bloody shame!

Amazingly, when the original English Beat broke up, they splintered into two equally successful bands, General Public and Fine Young Cannibals. What was the trick to that?

To be honest I think there was still an enormous reservoir of talent left in the English Beat, but the personnel had gotten cramped. We couldn't get any further because of some of the limitations that we saw in each other's styles. We were stuck. People got frustrated. People were complaining, "I want two years off."

General Public started and did quite well. Fine Young Cannibals came two years later and did fantastic. I think maybe if we had taken three months off and had some milk and cookies, the Beat would have continued. However, in the end we created three good groups. My dream has always been to have the three bands do like a revue show. Have the singers come out and sing various hits from The Beat, General Public and Fine Young Cannibals. I've convinced a few of them, but others still don't know. I said, "Just think of the T-shirts!" I think it would be an incredible show.

Do you think it will ever happen?

Nobody has said, "Absolutely not!" But every time it has come up, there's always been a couple of members who can't make it for one reason or another. Whether that is a polite way of saying it won't ever happen, I don't know.

Is there a new English Beat record?

We've just started. We've demoed three tracks. It's got feeling and groove. I'm thrilled. Before the end of the year we'll release an EP.

Your song "Tenderness" can now be heard on a Target commercial. How do you feel about your material being used in advertising?

I don't particularly mind it. I think I would have minded it back in the '80s, but the world has turned a great deal. I don't think [being associated with corporations] carries the stigma it once did. I think it's quite good, but there should be limits to it.

Do you have any tales of crazy fans or groupies going to extremes to get to the band?

As far as I remember, they didn't have to try that hard. (*Laughs.*) Sadly, I wish I'd been more selective. My dad put it in the best perspective for me. He said, "You lucky bastards. You are the only generation that went through their teenage years not thinking sex was fatal." Think of it: He grew up thinking if you get syphilis, you went nuts in a hospital until you died. Then at the end of the war [World War II] they came up with penicillin. Then by the 1980s you were going to get AIDS off a doorknob. I grew up in the middle of those two periods,1945 to 1980, and sex was an innocent pleasure. Still is, in a way. (*Laughs.*) ■

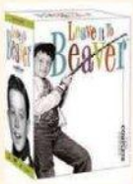
PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

THE BEST DVDS THIS HOLIDAY SEASON!

STUFF THIS IN YOUR STOCKING!

THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN: THE COMPLETE SERIES

"We can rebuild him. We have the technology." That line is seared into the memories of men of a certain age. The greatest sci-fi show of the 1970s finally arrives on DVD. The entire series is here, including the episode with Bigfoot!

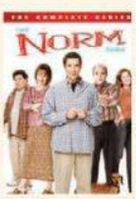


LEAVE IT TO BEAVER: THE COMPLETE SERIES

Get your mind out of the gutter: It's not that type of beaver! It was a kinder, gentler time when the adventures of Wally and the Beav ruled the golden age of television. Captured here in glorious black and white is every single show featuring Lumpy, Eddie Haskell and the gang.

MONK: THE COMPLETE SERIES

When everyone's favorite neurotic, germophobic detective out to find his wife's killer went off the air after nine seasons, we were a bit sad. Thankfully, with the entire series on this DVD, you can now relive every episode. Sanitized wipes not included.



THE NORM SHOW: THE COMPLETE SERIES

SNL alum Norm MacDonald was never funnier than when he starred in this underrated sitcom about a washed-up pro hockey player forced to make a living as a social worker. All three seasons are in this box. Need more reasons to check it out? The series also stars a post-*Roseanne* Laurie Metcalf, pre-Howard Stern Artie Lange and the hot-as-hell Nikki Cox.

ELVIS 75TH BIRTHDAY COLLECTION

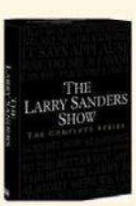
Had he not crapped out on the toilet, the King of Rock 'n' Roll would have reached the ripe old age of 75 by now. This collection culls the best of his acting work in an economical package.

ALIEN ANTHOLOGY

Remember: In outer space no one can hear you scream. So the fact that you just let loose a girlish scream about the *Alien* movies finally being on Blu-ray in this anthology will go unnoticed.

BACK TO THE FUTURE: 25TH ANNIVERSARY TRILOGY

Time to fire up the DeLorean and travel through time with Marty McFly (as played by Michael J. Fox). The '80s comedies are now on Blu-ray. This silver-anniversary set comes packed with extras, including behind-the-scenes interviews with the cast.



THE LARRY SANDERS SHOW: THE COMPLETE SERIES

"Hey now!"" Garry Shandling's brilliant breakthrough series about a television series gets the holiday gift pack treatment here. Besides the guest star-studded episodes, these DVDs also boast a ton of extras.

ROBOCOP: TRILOGY

True, the first *RoboCop* film really is the only one you need on Blu-ray, but hey, all three are packaged here. Plus, to be honest, *RoboCop 3* isn't half bad. We'd buy that for a dollar!

THE KIM NOVAK COLLECTION

Sultry Kim Novak was one of Hollywood's sexiest stars. This collection features five of the big-screen beauty's finest flicks, including *Pal Joey,* in which she's paired with Old Blue Eyes himself, Frank Sinatra.

ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW: 35TH ANNIVERSARY BLU-RAY

We have been shivering with "antici…pation" for a while waiting for the Blu-ray release of this late-night cult classic. Packed with hundreds of photos, the accompanying deluxe book alone is worth the price of admission.

THE SIMPSONS: THE THIRTEENTH SEASON

The 13th season of the clever, subversive and longest-running animated series in the history of television finally arrives on DVD. It features Artie Ziff manhandling Marge, Lisa becoming a Buddhist, Homer getting his jaw wired shut and dozens more episodes of the funniest show on the air.

MAX HEADROOM: THE COMPLETE SERIES

Max Headroom is probably best-known as a 1980s Coca-Cola pitchman, but he started out as the lead character in this futuristic sci-fi series about a rebel TV reporter taking on corporate greed. Never seen it? Now every episode is available in one place.

STAR WARS: THE CLONE WARS—THE COMPLETE SEASON TWO

Use the Force and pick up season two of the action-packed animated series. This will hold you over until Lucas Films releases the epic film series on Blu-Ray. Seriously, it's coming!

DOCTOR WHO: THE COMPLETE FIFTH SERIES

The final series featuring Matt Smith as Doctor Who hits DVD. In it, our favorite time-traveling M.D. (complete with phone booth and sonic screwdriver) searches the universe for answers. Our only question is how we can get former female lead Billie Piper's home phone number.

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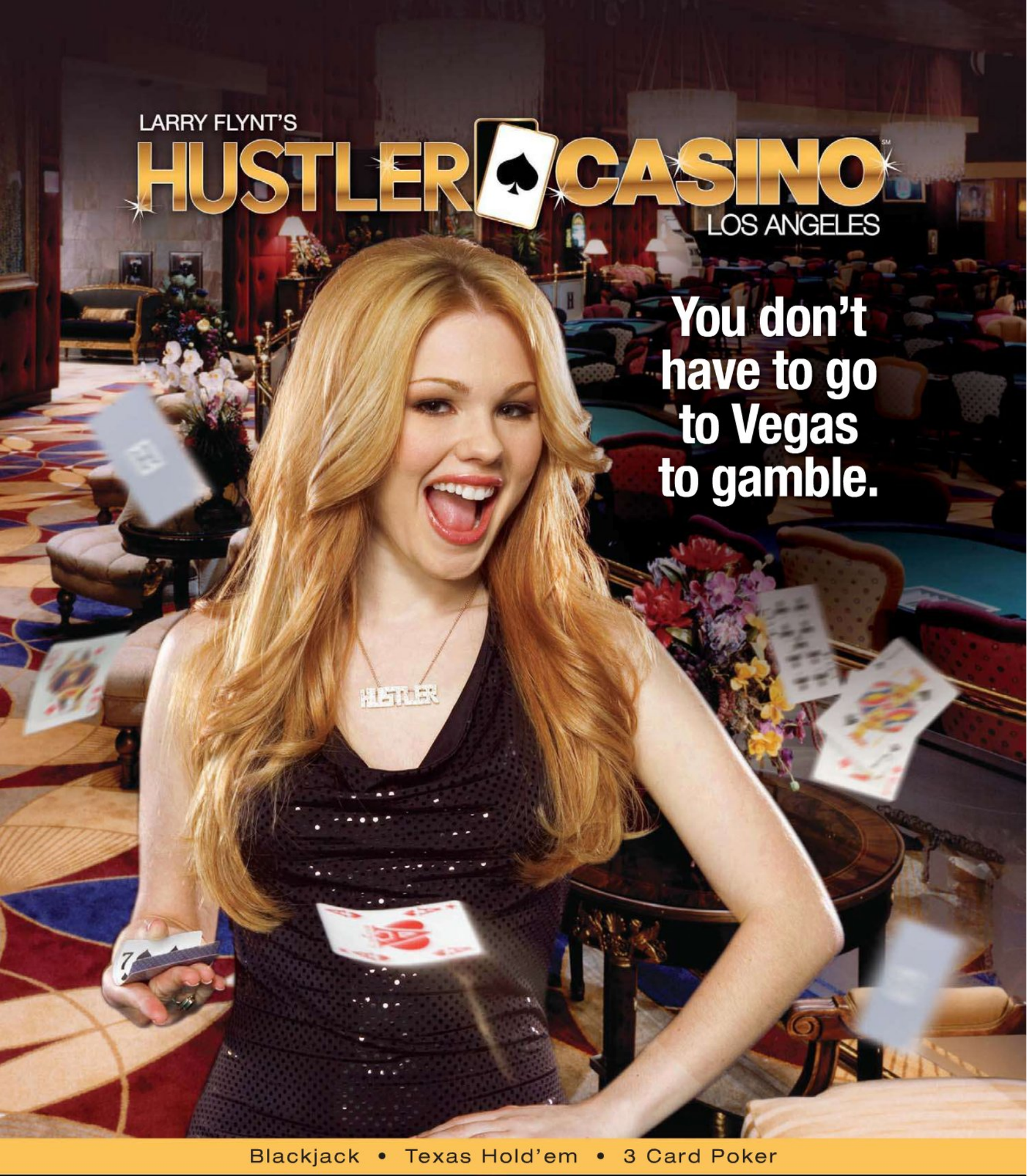

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BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

BETHANY SWEET

AGE: 41

LOCATION: Seattle

FIND HER AT: BethanySweet.com

COUGARS UNLEASHED #23

This is a feature dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

Bethany Sweet has come a long way from the rural Washington farm she grew up on. These days the immodest Apple Stater regularly strips down for fans of her amateur Web site and spends weekends tangled up in threesomes with her boyfriend and best (girl)friend.

"I'm a pussy aficionada," Bethany admits. "Nothing like a nice vagina. I can eat pussy all day and never tire of it!"

Men, don't worry! This mom of six—two of her own plus four stepchildren—enjoys certain members of the opposite sex with just as much gusto. "I'm into *manly* men," Bethany specifies. "I love chest hair, but a little manscaping is cool. And since I'm a strong woman, I like an *especially* strong guy who can pick me up and have his way with me. That's the *hugest* turn-on!"

Swimming, hiking and biking have long kept Bethany in great shape, but she recently discovered a remarkable new way to exercise. "Pilates makes my pussy tighter," the fitness buff explains. "I recommend it for all women, especially cougars and MILFs! When they say Pilates strengthens your core, they're not kidding!"

Bethany is amazed that being over 40 has actually improved her sex life dramatically. "Older men still see me as young," she confides, "guys my own age can relate to me, and younger guys see me as the experienced older woman who can teach them a few things. I know what I like and what works for me."

Works for us too, Bethany! Stay as sweet as you are!

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.*

PHOTOS BY IMAGEZZ

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

INTERNS: TOMORROW'S SUCCESSES

AS STUDENTS AT **PIERCE COLLEGE** AND ELSEWHERE HAVE LEARNED, WORKING FOR PEANUTS OR EVEN FOR FREE CAN PAY OFF IN THE END.

It's 10:30 a.m., and Philip George climbs behind the wheel of his Acura and heads to the freeway. An hour-and-a-half commute from his home in Southern California's San Fernando Valley to San Bernardino has been a daily ritual for three months, but George doesn't begrudge the miles added to his car's odometer. He's been spending his summer vacation working for the Inland Empire 66ers, a Los Angeles Dodgers farm team.

Once George arrives at Arrowhead Credit Union Park, he puts together press packets, runs lineup cards down to the managers and performs other tasks that come along. By the time the 66ers take the field, he'll be sitting in the press box, keeping score and later punching out an article on the game. Then he'll head to the parking lot, gun the Acura's engine and make the familiar trek home.

George isn't a seasoned journalist. He's not a publicist. He's an intern.

In 2009, according to the National Survey of Student Engagement, 52% of four-year university seniors had completed internships and 24% planned to. Gone are the days of interns fetching coffee and generating stacks of photocopies.

As businesses began to feel the recession more and more, hordes of willing college students have become an enticing commodity: They're willing to put in tons of man-hours for cheap or even nothing at all. However, this new generation of interns has moved away from doing menial grunt work to actually making valuable contributions to the companies that hired them. [*Editor's Note: A number of employers have maliciously exploited their talented interns, some of whom have worked for a year or more without remuneration. Laws are being passed to prevent that.*]

"I think as the economy falls and newsrooms tighten their belts financially, interns are becoming a more essential part of the workforce," says Antonio Hernandez, a journalism major currently attending Pierce College in Woodland Hills, California. Hernandez sensed this shift firsthand after working as an intern for *University Link Magazine*.

"I think *ULM* was a unique experience because it taught me exactly what you should do or not do when it came to being in an office," the 23-year-old recalls.

As an editorial intern, Hernandez was first asked to copy edit all incoming stories and keep writers up-to-date on their assignments. He also called talent to secure interviews. Once his editor learned that the Pierce student knew how to create pages and work with digital images, Hernandez began helping in the design department.

"When I first started at *ULM*, I had the urge to change everything and suggest other ways to streamline the copy editing process," Hernandez adds. "However, I bit my tongue and added simple suggestions here and there."

Apparently, the people running the nationwide campus magazine were impressed by his simple suggestions. "Soon after ending my internship at *ULM*," Hernandez explains, "they asked me to come back as an associate editor. I was paid and loving it. I had an office and everything!"

Hernandez, who is now employed by the social networking site **SodaHead.com** as a community coordinator, marvels, "I haven't even graduated yet, and I have already held a position that many graduates hope to get after years of being a general reporter. Suffice to say, it goes to the front of my résumé every time I apply for a job."

Although Philip George, a broadcast journalism major at Syracuse University, didn't have a conventional office at the ballpark in San Bernardino, he too feels his summer job will pay off down the line. "I definitely think having an internship will help me once I graduate," George asserts. "I might not have been paid, but I was still learning the whole time and experiencing what I'd like to do as a career."

According to a 2010 survey conducted by Internships.com, 81% of collegiate guidance counselors said employers generally favor hiring candidates who have had internships. Meanwhile, 72% said students without such experience are at a "competitive disadvantage in the current labor market."

Launched in February 2010, **Internships.com** offers the largest online database of internships listings, as well as resources for students and prospective employers. These include the Résumé Builder tool and the Internship Predictor to find a good fit. In addition, employers can learn how to improve existing intern programs or how to start one.

Yes, the majority of interns are still unpaid, but the overall reward is priceless. "I absolutely had a good experience," Philip George concurs. "And I'm hoping to go back to the Inland Empire 66ers next summer."

Emily Kelley, an award-winning college journalist from Paso Robles, California, is currently the design editor of Pierce College's newspaper, The Roundup. She hopes to transfer to a four-year university in the spring of 2011 to pursue her bachelor's degree in journalism.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues, etc.—please contact us at ***Features@LFP.com***. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé.

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Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 139 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

VICTORIA

WASHINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY

"Life is a big roller coaster ride with a steady dose of ups and downs," reckons second-time-around Victoria, 22, a "soul-searching" psychology major (with a minor in English lit). "But I don't waste time being upset. I like to minimize stress." It's quite apparent that the WSU sophomore, who debuted in *RCG*'s class of August '10 and had the smarts to submit a batch of 'tis-the-season-to-be-enticing pics, also strives to minimize her attire.

"I love being naked," Victoria coos, "especially in HUSTLER. I'm a perfect fit aesthetically, philosophically and sexually." If that isn't a mouthful, how's this? "I am way too good at giving head!" exclaims the 5-foot-5 vixen, whose personal interests also include Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Lil Wayne and TV's *Weeds*, *South Park* and *Tool Academy*.

Being so well-schooled academically and amorously, Victoria perks up for a timely pop quiz.

Are you naughty or nice? "I am nice, but very naughty in bed."

What would you wear to get Santa's attention? "Nothing! That should get me lots of presents!"

What's your favorite thing to do on Christmas morning? "Waking up to a guy or girl eating me out and having multiple orgasms before I open my presents."

What do you wish for this year? "Snowboarding gear and sexy lingerie so I can dress up for someone in my bedroom before taking it off."

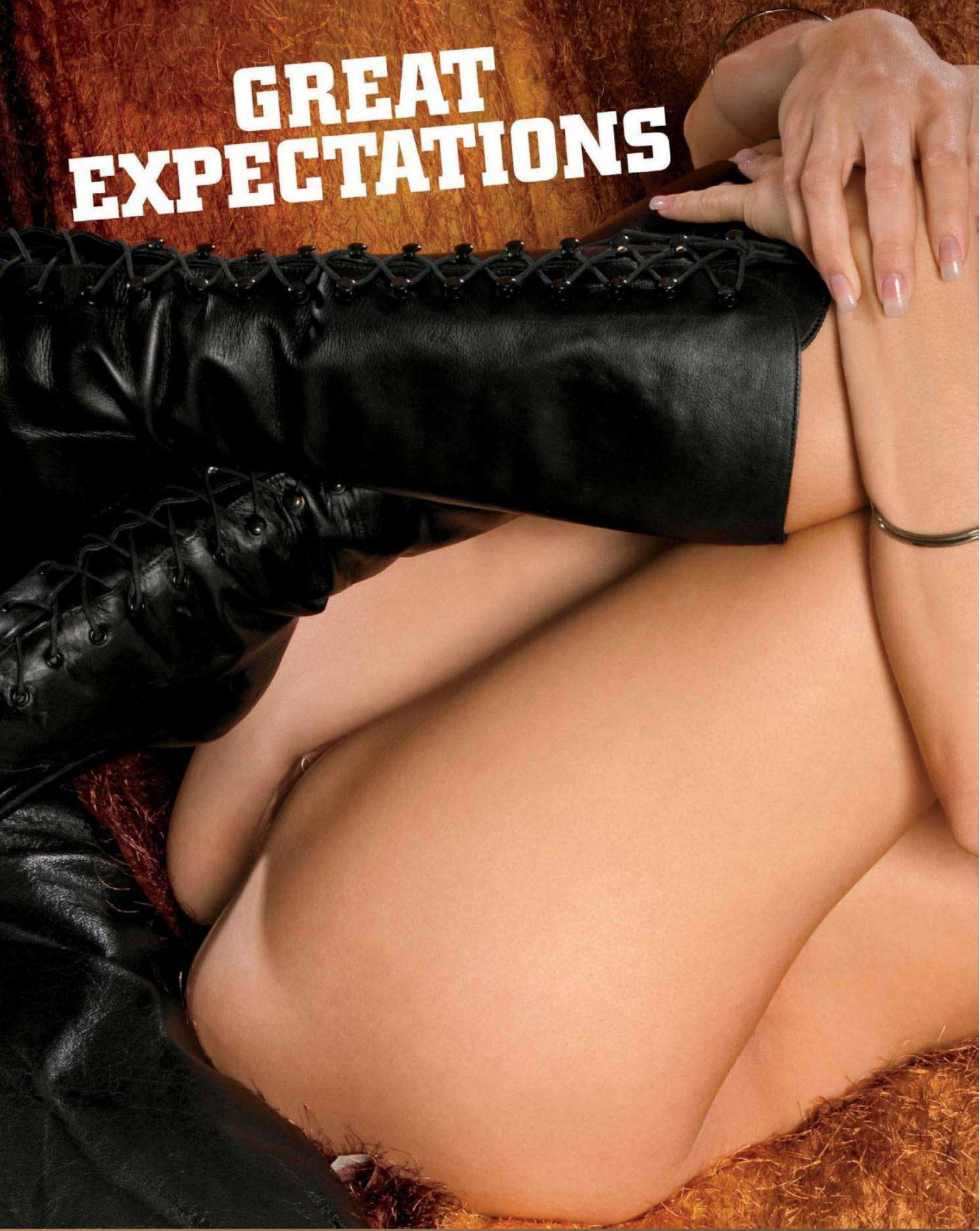
Where do you hang mistletoe? "From my coochie. I want someone to go down on me!"

Most memorable holiday XXX experience: "Crazy sex in the snow. Doggy-style is the way I like it; even though it's really, really cold, fucking warms me right up."

Why did Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer have a nose so bright? "Because he saw me naked in HUSTLER! Happy holidays, everyone!"

PHOTOS BY KICKBACK PRODUCTIONS

GREAT EXPECTATIONS



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CHANEL PRESTON

Every guy knows that a girl named **Chanel** is going to have high expectations, and **Chanel Preston** is no exception. "I guess I do appreciate the finer things in life," the doe-eyed stunner reckons. "But in my defense, I only give my best."

Born and raised in Alaska, **Chanel** made her first foray into adult entertainment as a stripper in Honolulu, where she currently resides. "I love that intense, sometimes goofy look men get when they're about to see me naked," the immodest head-turner raves. "It's the look of anticipation, like kids at Christmas or poor, homeless people when you hand them a dollar."

Wanting to reach a wider audience of appreciative males, **Chanel** eventually dove into XXX films. "I'm having a lot of fun," she chirps. "The guys fuck me really hard, the girls are gorgeous, and I'm growing a bigger fan base! How cool is that?"

Now that's to be expected.

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CHANEL PRESTON'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Fairbanks, Alaska | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 135

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BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*A very merry Xmas from **Tori Black**.*

Tori Black Superstar

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: TORI BLACK, BOBBI STARR, ERIK EVERHARD, MICK BLUE, SEAN MICHAELS & EVAN STONE.

AVN's 2010 Female Performer of the Year Tori Black launches this new showcase series in time for your holiday stroke. It starts out cool and arty with Tori servicing two gentlemen, then warms up fast when she tackles the legendary length of Sean Michaels, taking his onyx starfucker deep in her ass. Listen to her scream. Brunet filth queen Bobbi Starr joins her for a typical two-girl studio set-up that leads into an annoying bickering session (something about her dude fucking her best friend) with Evan Stone. Tori shuts up once she has a dick in her mouth, blowing him while he's still driving. (Is that legal in California?) The climax doesn't outdo the earlier anal probe, but features some interesting pile driver positions on a mound of dirty trash. Symbolism? There are stars, and there are superstars. Get this disc and learn the difference. Order it now on page 140.

—M.J.

Bree Olson, Sophie Dee and McKenzie Lee (below) take one for ***The A-Team****.*

The A-Team XXX: A Parody

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: DAVID LORD. STARRING: BREE OLSON, CHASTITY LYNN, SOPHIE DEE, MCKENZIE LEE, LUSCIOUS LOPEZ, TYLER KNIGHT, RANDY SPEARS, EVAN STONE, SCOTT LYONS & SETH GAMBLE.

You thought the *A* was for "alpha"? Wrong. It stands for anal, as corn-fed cutie Bree Olson proves in the first ten minutes of this spoof. The original show was straightforward: guys with guns blowing shit up. But this is porn, so your favorite mercenary meatheads spend time doling out justice to the ladies more than anyone else. The fuck scenes are solid, with plenty of boobflesh hogging the screen, but the standout is clearly ass queen Luscious Lopez being cornholed '80s-style by Tyler Knight's reincarnation of Mr. T. Do not pity that fool. The brawls and banter are cheesy and fun (even if Randy Spears in blackface might be a gag too far). In the end the plan comes together, and Bree thanks "Cannibal" by chomping on his cigar and putting her ass where her mouth is. Talk about being on the jazz! Dad will love this one for Christmas. Just make sure you disguise it as a pair of socks. ***—M.J.***

Find more issues at magazinesdownload.com

*The talented Stacie Lane (above), Nyomi Banxxx and Ashli Orion (right) explore their **Dynamic** range.*

Dynamic Booty #5

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: ALEXANDER DEVOE. STARRING: MILLIAN BLU, NYOMI BANXXX, MASON MOORE, ASHLI ORION, RICHELLE RYAN, STACIE LANE, RICO STRONG, PRINCE YAHSHUA, MARCO BANDERAS, MR. MARCUS & BRIAN PUMPER.

With its slick, no-nonsense gonzo approach to booty pounding, black porn master Alexander DeVoe's *Dynamic Booty* series might be the most reliable anal line on the market. Disc 1 of *DB#5* fades from light to dark, kicking off with curvy "heartbreaker" (according to her ass tattoo) Richelle Ryan, then dipping into Mason Moore and our fave black jawdropper, Nyomi Banxxx. Squirter Mason spurts like a stuck water balloon and sweats up nicely with a schlong in her shitter, but Nyomi's regulation fuck-me ass cannot be beat. Cute, pear-shaped Millian Blu opens Disc 2 with the usual positions, but the highly engaged sphincter of Ashli Orion blows the movie open. DeVoe was crowned Director of the Year at the 2010 Urban X Awards, while Orion garnered Best Interracial Star, and this scene—replete with nasty chatter about her "tight little white ass"—shows why. Stacie Lane provides a lovely closer, but you'll probably be skipping back to watch that filthy white chick again. ***—M.J.***

Riley Steele and Bridgette B., with Kayden Kross and Katsuni (right), and Jesse Jane (below) fan the flames in ***Body Heat****.*

Body Heat

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: JESSE JANE, RILEY STEELE, KAYDEN KROSS, RAVEN ALEXIS, KATSUNI, BRIDGETTE B., SCOTT NAILS, MANUEL FERRARA, MICK BLUE, BEN ENGLISH & TOMMY GUNN.

'Tis the season for Christmas trees to go up in flames, which makes this a fine flick for the whole family (after the brats are in bed). The ladies have always gotten off on firefighters; now it's your turn. Lesson one, as any smart-ass captain will tell you, is put the wet stuff on the hot stuff, and Kayden Kross—new to the Digital Playground crew—learns it fast with a steamy screw in the bone box (ambulance) on the way to a job. In a *Hurt Locker* homage, Kayden's spark gets blown to bits, pitching her into a psychotrauma funk, shades of *Rescue Me*. As if that ain't hard enough, the hose-humping hotties have to find a way to rescue their firehouse from budget cuts. The solution involves bikinis, soapy sponges and keeping those pumpers polished. Leading up to the climactic fire—an action sequence that could have used more action, not to mention acting—we get plenty of the skinny, bubble-titted writhing that we've come to crave from Jesse Jane and her DP girls, topped off with a five-alarm pileup on the back of a firetruck. Got any leather lungs in your family? Hide this one in their rubber boot for those long, lonely days at the station. ***—M.J.***

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Who's **Sluttier**? Asa Akira, Lou Charmelle (below left), or tag team Madison Ivy and Charley Chase?

Slutty & Sluttier #12

EVIL ANGEL VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MANUEL FERRARA. STARRING: ASA AKIRA, JENNA LOVELY, SABRINA SWEET, LOU CHARMELLE, MADISON IVY, CHARLEY CHASE, DAVID PERRY, MR. PETE, BRENT, RAMON NOMAR, DENIS MARTI & MANUEL FERRARA.

Once you get past the lame humor at the beginning of this movie, you'll find that it lives up to its title. In the 12th installment of Evil Angel's legendarily wicked series, lead cock (slash director) Manuel Ferrara keeps the action almost as nasty as your expectations. The first high point is hit half an hour in as slutty French newcummer Lou Charmelle aces her anal audition with understated charm. In her Disc 2 encore, she stumbles into DP-gang-bang territory and becomes officially sluttier. Always working to make sure his talent stays aroused, Ferrara is one of those meat men whose porn chicks actually want to fuck. That works better one-on-one, so it's no surprise that this flick's other standout scene is Ferrara's encounter with top Asian flavor of the moment Asa Akira. Loud and intense, she'll raise your standards for erotic massage. Sure, the girls at your local dive are probably sluttier than these porn stars, but think of the money you'll save on drinks. ***—M.J.***

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Not M*A*S*H XXX

LFP VIDEO/X-PLAY. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: KRISSY LYNN, CHANEL PRESTON, MIKO SINZ, ALEXA JAYMES, BAILEY BROOKS, BRIANA BLAIR, ERIC SWISS, HERSCHEL SAVAGE, ALEC KNIGHT, CHAD DIAMOND, JEREMY CONWAY & JAMES BARTHOLET.

If the idea of one of TV's greatest sitcoms defiled by porn stars makes you cringe, you're not alone. But take it from us: This parody is more painless than the theme song. (That's a reference for serious fans.) The banter is *M*A*S*H*-like, the dudes do a decent job playing the draftees of the 4077th, and the nurses are more bracing than a swamp-made martini. The mission, between triage and blowjobs, is to get Radar laid, which means bribing the nurses with a free boobjob. Chanel Preston does the honors with diligence and bravery, but our Purple Heart goes to platinum blond Krissy Lynn as Hot Lips. (Guess which lips we mean.) She's the next best thing to Loretta Swit. Miko Sinz is also achingly cute as Korean local Sun-She (despite having to spout some cliché "suckee-fuckee" drivel). Enjoyable as it is, this spoof does nothing to solve one of the great mysteries about *M*A*S*H*: How could an anti-war show be so popular and do nothing to make America more peace-loving? At least the hard-core spoof will keep you out of combat for a few hours. That is all.

—M.J.

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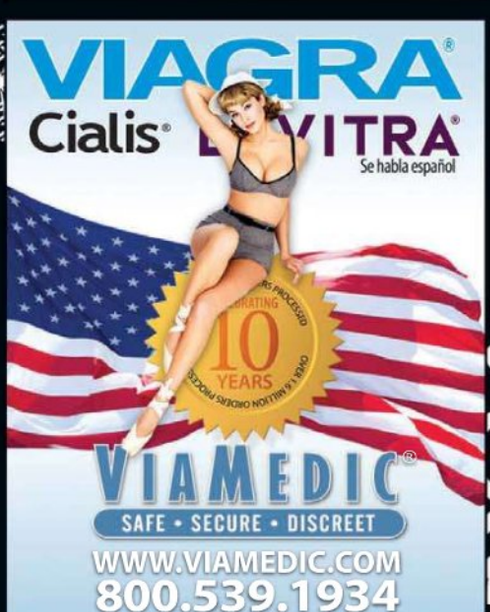

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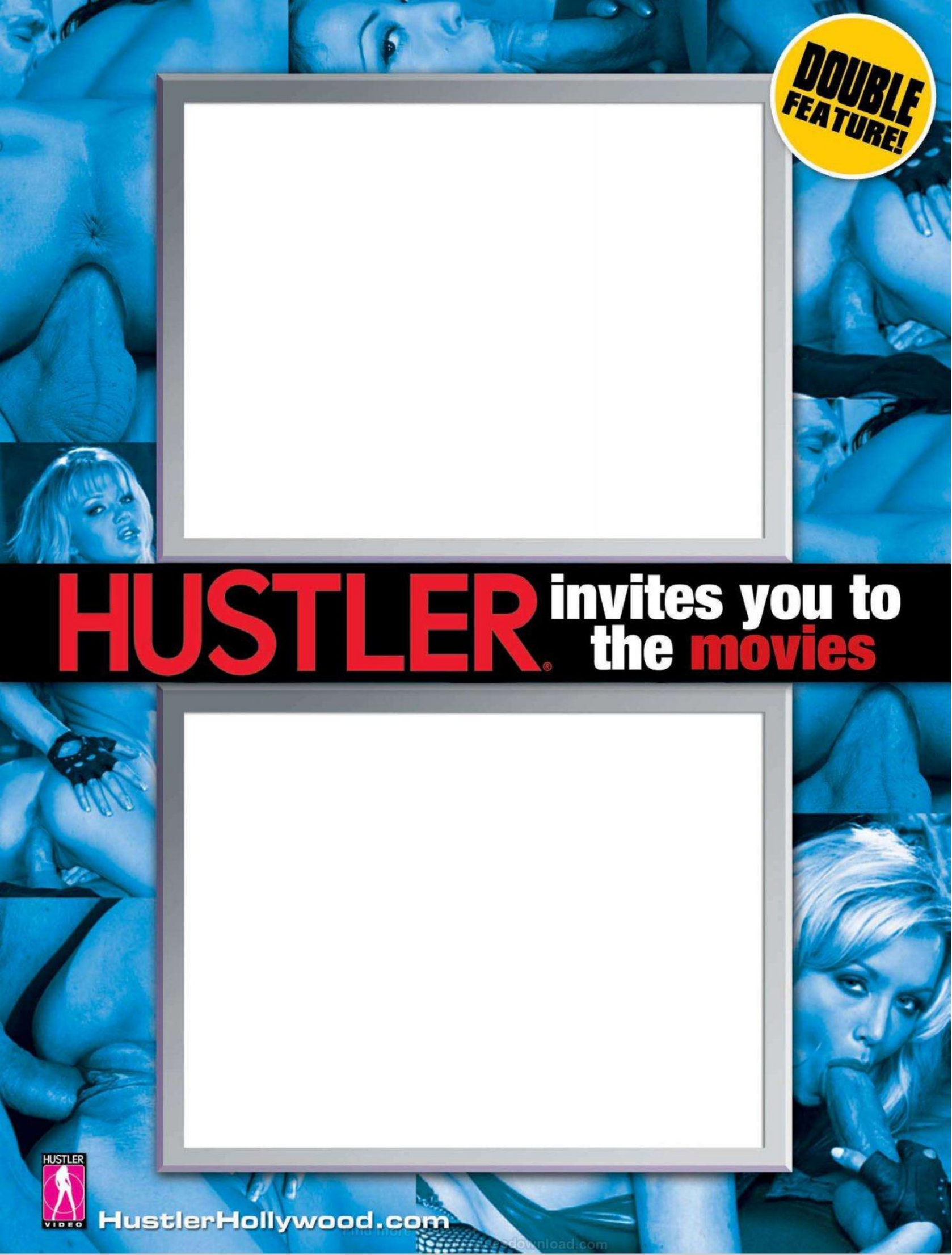
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THIS AIN'T **GLEE** XXX

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HUSTLER Video has released a steamy spoof of the hit TV show *Glee*. Porn's first musical, ***This Ain't Glee XXX*** has all the singin' and dancin' of the original and throws in lots of group lickin' too.

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Andy San Dimas does a sexy scene with **Chad Diamond**'s skin flute, while superhot cheerleaders **McKenzee Miles** and **Alexa Nicole** pull off a gleeful mouth duet that turns into a stellar threeway. Meanwhile, red-hot **Scarlett Fay** proves she has the pipes, as does **Miko Sinz**, who plays a mean dildo. The vibrant nymphos sing, they moan, they hum, and they come!

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BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

"Happy holidays!"

TIFFANY

Sending season's greetings *Beaver Hunt*-style is this "funny, outgoing and easy to get along with" denizen of Christmas, Florida. Who needs six maids a-milking, two turtledoves and a partridge in a pear tree when Tiffany, 20, has assiduously served up a piping hot holiday spread complete with a vaginal wreath. "I like it natural down there," pipes the 5-foot-5 eyeball treat, whose fancies include singing, rollerblading, the Discovery Channel and straight sex. Back in our midst for the third time, Tiffany trumpets, "I'm a big flirt, and my fantasy is to turn all your readers on as I deliver some naughty holiday cheer. Ho, ho, ho!" (Forgive us for a little seasonal mirth: Nice, nice, nice Tiffany—a water park tour guide who's never stepped in snow—actually resides in Sunrise, Florida, 167 miles south of Christmas as the crow flies.) Thanks to our adorable messenger, poles are sure to be rising from coast to coast. —Photos by Friend

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BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

BRIANNA

"I've loved being in the spotlight since I was a hard rock band's lead singer in the '80s," declares Brianna, 50, an office worker from Buffalo, New York, with a penchant for hockey, NASCAR and ghost hunting. The 5-foot-6 vixen is also a virtuoso instrumentally (flute, guitar, piano) and sexually. "I'm a nice girl with a dirty mind," Brianna bellows. "My favorite position is on all fours, and my pussy-squeezing technique drives men crazy. So do my blowjobs. I love playing the skin flute and making a man feel like a king!" On that note, Brianna has composed an X-quisite holiday fantasy: "Being both naughty and nice, I'd love to sit on some overworked, underpaid mall Santa's lap and give him a special gift as the last person in line. Wearing only red spiked heels and a white fur coat, I walk up to Santa, who smiles at me as his eyes grow wide. I turn my back, pull up my coat, firmly plant my ass in his lap and start grinding my wet pussy over his crotch. Once he's nice and hard, I get down on my knees, undo his black belt and take his beautiful pole into my mouth, stroking it with one hand while gently squeezing his balls with the other. I can tell they're full of my favorite bedtime beverage, and that eggs me on. I begin sucking harder. Grunting with content, Santa grabs my head, and there's nothing I can do but swallow every drop of his delicious cum. I get up, give the mall Santa a little peck on the cheek, wish him a Merry Christmas and walk away." —Photos by Husband

CHERRY PIE

"Who wouldn't want to appear in HUSTLER Magazine?" marvels this 5-foot-9 certified nursing assistant from Ames, Iowa. "I love being naked so much, I consider myself an exhibitionist. One day I want to walk out my front door with only a smile on my face." Cherry Pie, 22, has a lot to smile about. "I love life and feeling happy," she chirps. "I'm very outgoing, helpful, caring, straight and definitely naughty. I like to allure my boyfriend, and sometimes I want him to take advantage of me when I first wake up! I'm very kinky and like to do things that are unexpected! I also like to use my feet." Cherry, who prefers being on top during forays and has mixed feelings about anal, also digs neo-soul singer Erykah Badu, spending time with friends and loved ones, watching movies—her faves are *Avatar* and *Pretty Woman*—and playing tennis and computer games. Cherry Pie's mushiest fantasy is "having sex with my guy, and in the middle he stops and proposes." —Photos by Lady Friend

"Taking care of a penis always makes me smile."

CRYSTAL

"I love being naked, and I hope everyone likes seeing me in *Beaver Hunt*," announces this "lovable and very provocative" resident of Waco, Texas. Crystal, who'll turn 22 a few weeks before Christmas, is an avid social networker, WWE follower and pool shooter, but she also takes the field for an eye-catching variation of the Lone Star State's favorite sport. "I love playing nude football with other women," the 5-foot-1 filly huffs. "I also make watching TV very interesting." Detailing why, Crystal adds, "I have a huge sexual appetite, and I like being the dominant one. I have power over men and women. I will spank them till they say my name, but I like being spanked too. I also love anal or having someone put a finger in my butt." Besides hankering to meet wrestler John Cena—"He gets me juicy!"—Crystal yearns "to have sex in the rain on a desolate beach and in a public place with thousands of people watching." —Photos by Friend

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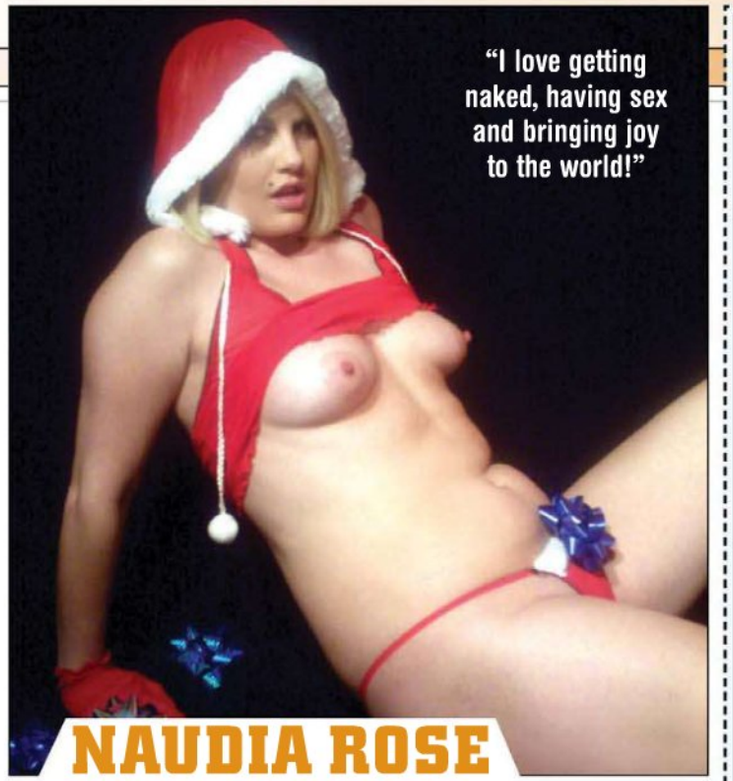
BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

CARMEN

"I always wanted to get into modeling, and this seemed like a good opportunity," coos Carmen, 19, of Genoa, Illinois. "I currently am jobless, but what can I do? Just about everyone is these days." Born in El Salvador, the 5-foot-1 fan of social networking, Lil Wayne, Angelina Jolie and *Family Guy* is a fine stimulus package. "I am an outgoing, loving, all-around down-to-earth woman who loves to have fun and turn people on," Carmen asserts. "I'm also bisexual, drama-free, amusing and very touchy. But, hey, who doesn't like to be touched? I have the best orgasms when my panty hamster is eaten, but I enjoy getting myself off too." Blessed with a pair of 42D knockers, the self-professed "big flirt and great cook" confides, "I love to swim naked, I like it from behind—too much?—and I can tie a cherry stem with my tongue. I also speak Spanish and have that sexy *R*-rolling accent. That's why so many Americans love Latinas!" Accentuating her showcase, Carmen—who's a certified hottie even when silent—rolls out a jingle bells fantasy: "I want to have sex while riding through the snow on a sleigh pulled by horses." —Photos by Friend

AVA

"I have been known to flash a trucker or two," admits Ava, 24, a certified massage practitioner from Cleveland. "They work hard!" But now observers can get a much longer look at the "open-minded, spunky, playful, fun-loving and young at heart" single gal in the altogether. "Being nude makes me feel free," avows Ava, who fills her free time with dancing, photography, yoga, Ohio State University football ("I love the Buckeyes!"), classic films, the boob tube (*It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*, *Family Guy*, *Entourage*, *Aqua Teen Hunger Force*, *Top Chef*), music (Billie Holiday, Duffy, Gary Allan, Nicki Minaj) and sex. "I'm seductively bi," the 5-foot-3 "dressing up in sexy lingerie" buff points out. "Depending on what the situation calls for, I can be aggressive or passive. With men I prefer doggy so I can be in control and comfortable all at once." Ava, whose fave foods are tabouleh and ice cream, has a lingering hunger: "I still want to have sex with my first-ever boyfriend's dad; he was so hot, and I always watched him mow the lawn in the summer." —Photos by Friend



NAUDIA ROSE

Wrapping up our Holiday roundup is this "aggressive and dominant porn diva" from Greenfield, Ohio. Vowing to get "my face and body out there," Naudia Rose, 26, continues to get naudier and bawdier "I love being naked eye candy and showing off my talents while people are watching me have sex," the 5-foot-6 "worshiper of big dicks and juicy twats" fesses up. Naudia, who's nicknamed her hallowed vagina "Hello Kitty," is also keen on tweeting: "Please cum follow me. I love to have fun and chat…Just got done ordering some badass stuff from HUSTLER…Is it wrong to give my hubby a B.J. in front of our friends in our home?" Naudia bids so long with a merry wish: "a gang-bang with a bunch of well-hung guys dressed in Santa suits." —Photos by Husband

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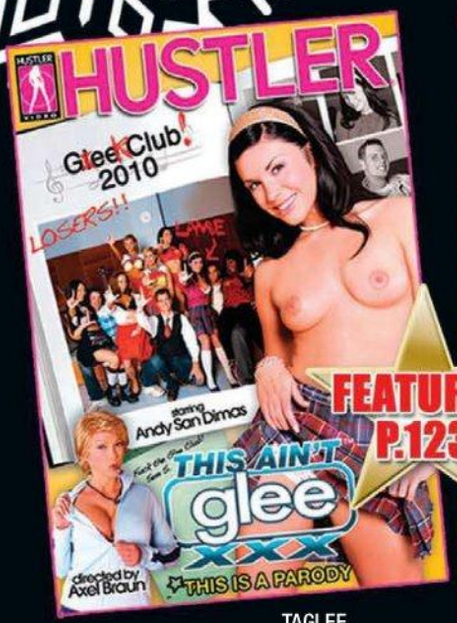

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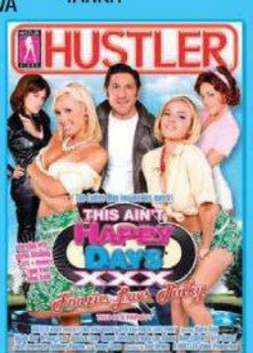

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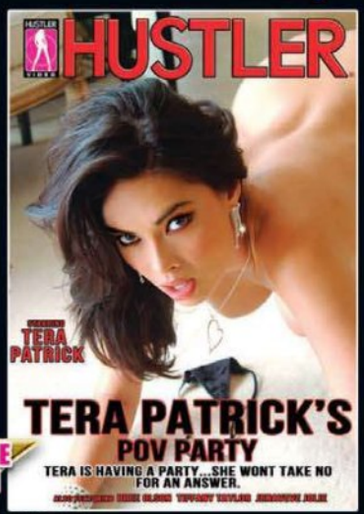

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CHRISTMAS EVE
EVE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE MCLEAN
January 1983
HUSTLER CLASSIC

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Taking a moment out from tree decorating, **Eve** enjoys a warm gift from one of her many admirers. "I guess I'm pretty lucky when it comes to love," she boasts. "After all, there's at least a dozen men anxious to stuff my stocking this year, if you know what I mean." But the 24-year-old buyer for a well-known department store in San Francisco doesn't spread her holiday cheer so easily. "I don't indulge in casual sex," she admits. "Any man I sleep with has to be as special to me as, well, Christmas! I met my latest lover on a business trip last summer, and I told him I'd wait up for him on Christmas Eve, just like he was Santa Claus." **Eve**'s lover better hurry over to claim his "present." From the look of things, she's about to open herself!

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"I just got our neighbor's HUSTLER Magazine in the mail by mistake. It's a sign from God that he wants me to fuck your brains out, so bend over and spread those ass cheeks, you salty, evangelical whore!"

(continued from page 57)

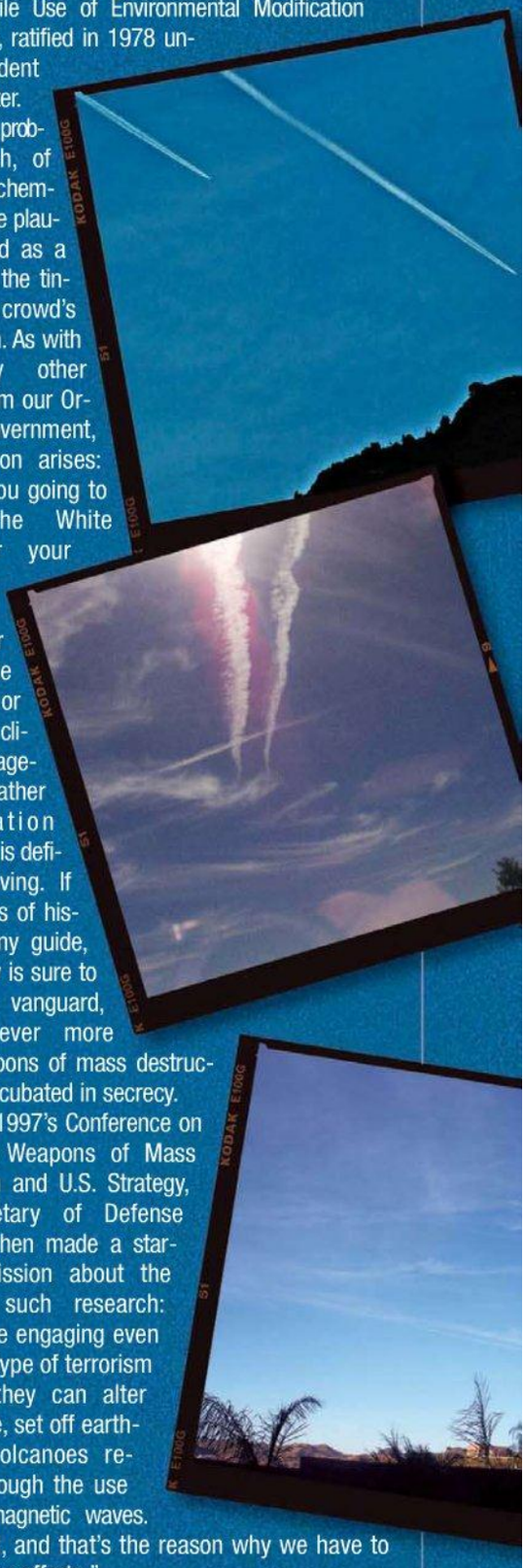
For State, the diplomatic problem of explaining why the USA is violating yet another international treaty: the U.N. Convention on the Prohibition of Military or Any Other Hostile Use of Environmental Modification Techniques, ratified in 1978 under President Jimmy Carter.

All these problems vanish, of course, if chemtrails can be plausibly denied as a figment of the tinfoil hat crowd's imagination. As with so many other denials from our Orwellian government, the question arises: Who are you going to believe—the White House or your own lying eyes?

Whether for hostile purposes or benevolent climate management, weather modification technology is definitely evolving. If 5,000 years of history are any guide, the military is sure to be in the vanguard, devising ever more novel weapons of mass destruction best incubated in secrecy.

During 1997's Conference on Terrorism, Weapons of Mass Destruction and U.S. Strategy, then-Secretary of Defense William Cohen made a startling admission about the state of such research: "Others are engaging even in an eco-type of terrorism whereby they can alter the climate, set off earthquakes, volcanoes remotely through the use of electromagnetic waves. ... It's real, and that's the reason why we have to intensify our efforts."

One year later our skies began being painted with chemtrails.



BOTTOM TWO PHOTOS BY BRUCE DAVID

Texas-born Travis Kelly is a writer, cartoonist and Web designer now residing in Moab, Utah. For more, visit ***TravisKelly.com***.

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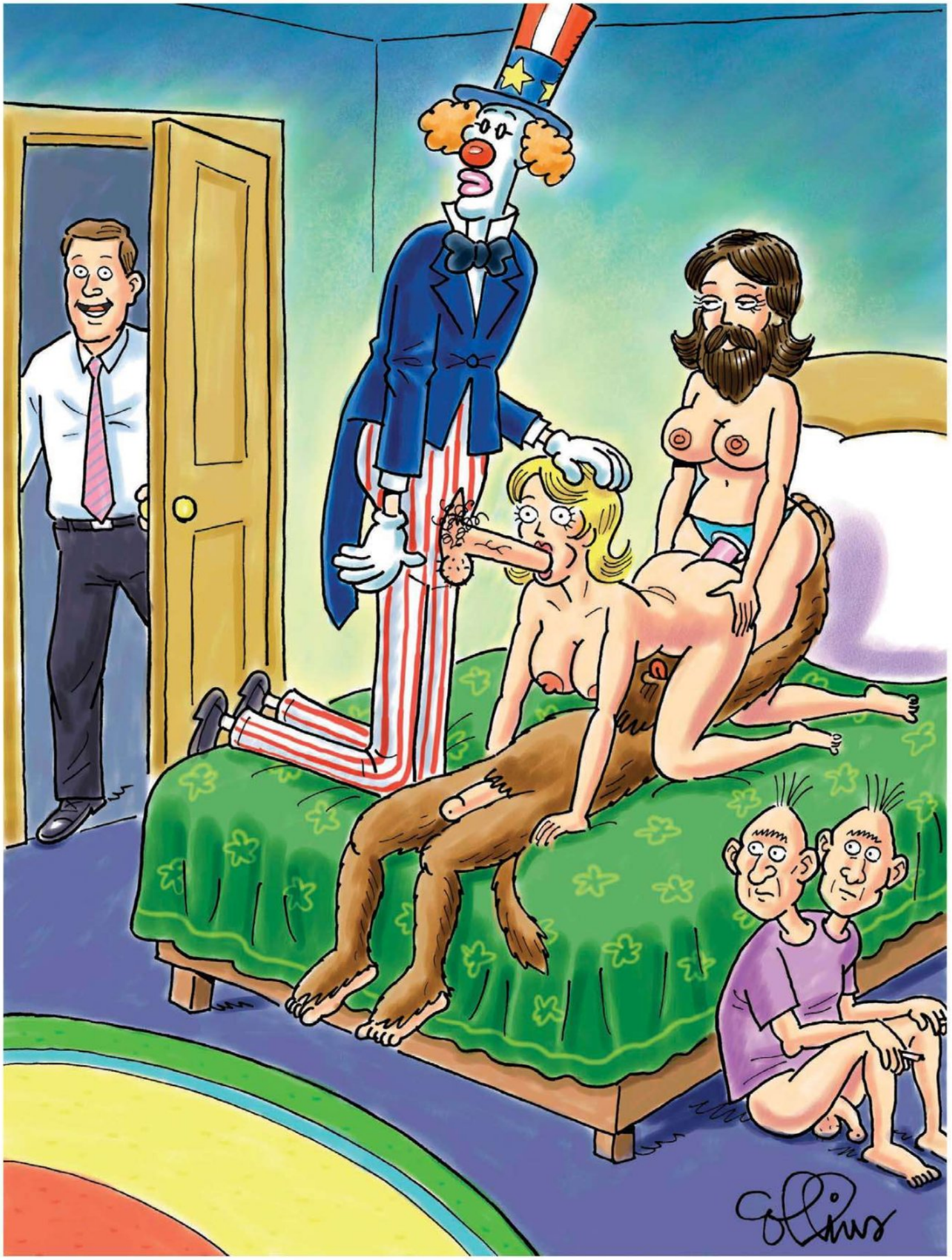
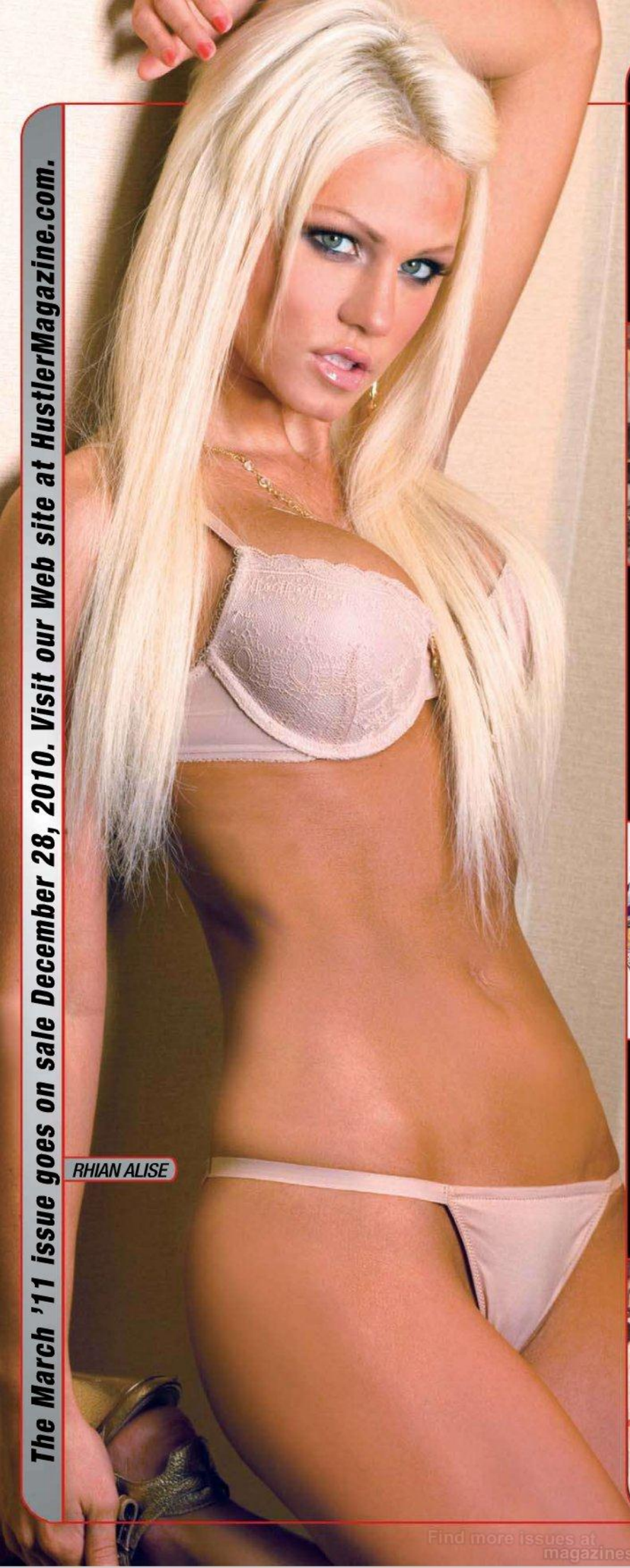


"Guess what. The circus is in town!"



RHIAN ALISE

The March '11 issue goes on sale December 28, 2010. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

COMING NEXT

DEADLY ANGEL: BIZARRE MURDER CASE

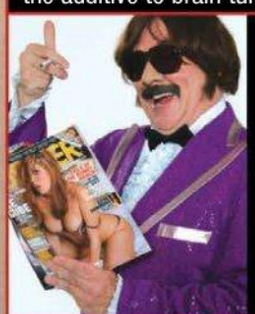
After relocating to Alaska, Mechele Hughes (now Linehan) became an idolized stripper and ultimately one of America's most fascinating murder suspects. Is Linehan—the purported fiancée of three men at the same time, two of whom were later slain—a lethal gold digger or an innocent soccer mom? Fred Rosen updates his book *Deadly Angel*, which chronicled the case.

BLUE-MOVIE ROMANCE: AN OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD

Porn insider Scott Fayner, who was briefly hitched to XXX star Taylor Rain, sheds light on the couple's ill-fated marriage and those of such jizz-biz superstars as Jill Kelly, Tera Patrick and Jenna Jameson. Find out how drugs, jealousy or just plain old crazy ass-holes make for volatile—if not deadly—off-camera relationships.

ASPARTAME: DEATH BY DIET POP

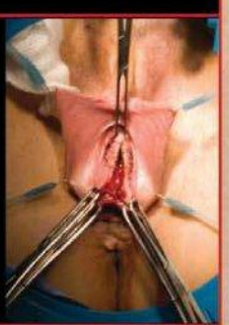
Could a popular artificial sweetener be sickening and even killing combat veterans of the first Gulf War, not to mention countless consumers in America and around the world? Investigative reporter Harvey Wasserman explains how former Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld made a (financial) killing when aspartame, a/k/a NutraSweet and Equal, was approved by the FDA despite scientific data linking the additive to brain tumors and a trove of diseases.



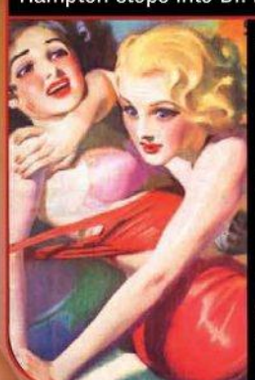
WHO THE FUCK IS TONY CLIFTON?!

Music Editor Keith Valcourt visits an L.A. comedy club to catch Tony Clifton, arguably the most outrageous lounge singer in the land. Whether the foul-mouthed hulk is former *Taxi* star Andy Kaufman—who some believe faked his death in 1984—or just an old pal of the comic/actor, audiences love the guy.

COSMETOGYNECOLOGY: SPRUCING UP THAT SAGGY VAGINA



Women no longer have to settle for the genitalia nature gave them thanks to pioneering plastic surgeons like David Matlock. The costly procedures may have detractors in the medical community, but there's no denying that the results are amazing. See for yourself as freelance journalist Justin Hampton steps into Dr. Matlock's operating room.



THE SHOCKING, SINISTER ART OF H.J. WARD

Before feminists and the political-correctness posse, paintings of scantily clad damsels in horrifying distress graced pulp magazine covers. Among the artists churning out these veritable attention-grabbers was H.J. Ward (1909-1945). We present a gallery of the shock maestro's masterpieces in our review of a comprehensive retrospective by Ward fan David Saunders.

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